

# THE SCOURGE.

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JANUARY 2, 1815.

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## THE PROPERTY, OR INCOME TAX.

SUCH are the appellations conferred by the minister and the public, on one of the most obnoxious and oppressive impositions that ever tried the loyalty, or awakened the remonstrances of the British public. The title, however, appears to be approaching, at least, to a complete misnomer, and in a few years will probably be extinct. It will be a task of some small difficulty, even for the most sagacious of our very able and intelligent ministers, to continue a tax on that which no longer exists, and certainly, if the passing scenes of ministerial profusion, princely gaiety, clerical supplication, and all the other varieties of form in which the public purse is robbed and exhausted, continue for ten years longer, so far from paying an income or property tax, we shall have neither income nor property to be taxed: unless, indeed, we follow the example of certain personages to whom the common principles of honesty, are only the objects of contempt or laughter; and by swindling a jeweller, or defrauding a good-natured friend, after seducing his wife, regard the clamours of our creditors, and the reprobation of mankind with equal indifference.

In former periods, when some slight regard was expressed to the wishes of the people, and some sensations of reluctance and sensibility were displayed by the ministry, in the imposition of every new tax, and the establishment and adoption of every new source of national expence, the language of free and vehement remonstrance was unnecessary. It is remarkable that from the year 1714, after the avaricious and speculating Duke of Marlborough had been dismissed from office, till the commencement of Lord North's administration, the pressure of the public taxes, and the enormity of the public revenue, were

regarded merely as incidental and subordinate subjects of complaint. Even during the greater part of Mr. Pitt's administration, the accumulation of taxes was regarded as justified by the exigencies of the moment, and the prudent and circumspect diffusion of his personal resources by the monarch, at once relieved the country from every burthen that the civil list was so extensive as to alleviate, and prevented those clamours, and that discontent, which might have been awakened by the obtrusive display of private gratuities or official extortion. If George the Third was occasionally seduced to pecuniary liberality, inconsistent with his own convenience, he himself was the only sufferer; and in those instances of appeal to the liberality of parliament, and of the country, which most forcibly excited the reluctant attention of the people, they had serious occasion to regret the mortifications of the father, as much as the indiscretion of his offspring.

The true history of our acquiescence under the most enormous burthens, previous to the accession of the Prince Regent, can only be explained by a reference to the personal character of his majesty. War-taxes, and the means of carrying on the war, (if war must be carried on) have seldom excited the clamor of the English people. It is of superfluous, gratuitous, and profligate expence, that they are prone to complain; of expence incurred in defiance of the general opinion of the nation, lavished on unpopular objects, and without any apparent regard to the exigencies of the moment. Whatever might be the injury sustained in consequence of the policy of William Pitt, who will assert that the money was unprofitably employed? One general conviction pervaded the nation, that within the sphere of an exalted individual's influence, the wealth of the public would at least be expended on proper objects, meted with discretion; and when devoted to acts of liberality, would also be devoted to acts of virtue. A noble and merited tribute to integrity, benevolence, and forbearance, before which the self-denial of Scipio fades away; and of which,

the recollection should cover with a deeper red than that which brandy can communicate, the cheeks of his *dearest* relative.

But the period has at length arrived when the public burthens, enormous and oppressive as they are, are rendered doubly odious by the most shameless profusion on the part of those individuals on whom all retrenchment must depend, and by whose conduct it must be determined whether the British people shall gradually recover from financial embarrassment, or be doomed to share in one general ruin. The influence of the highest officers of state, and of persons immediately connected with the blood royal, on the fate and fortune of the empire, is evident and decisive. It depends upon the court, and the ministers of the court, whether we remain at war or at peace; whether we shall be subjected, for twenty succeeding years, to one continual drain of our blood and treasure, or be enabled to liquidate our debts, and recruit our resources; whether by the union of vigor and moderation we terminate a short and glorious contest with America; or suffer, by our treachery or cupidity, the flag of England to be trampled beneath the feet of our transatlantic enemy. It is therefore equally a source of immediate affliction, and of prospective sorrow, to observe, that the character of those on whom so much of our happiness and misery depends, should display in their private habits and their public conduct, qualities the very reverse of prudence, economy, or forbearance; that they should expend at a moment of general distress, in every description of frivolity, sums more considerable in amount than two centuries ago would have been required to obtain us the empire of Europe; that while poverty and domestic distress, clamor for compassion and relief in every corner of the streets, thousands upon thousands should be lavished in thoughtless profusion, or squandered by contemptuous negligence; and, above all, that it is the interest of our rulers, to look out for opportunities of war; to discover as many sources as possible, through which the public money can be expended, and



to listen with supercilious apathy to the clamours and remonstrances of the people.

If the acts or demeanour of public men could at any time provoke to indiscretion the spirit of the English people, the complacent apathy with which Mr. Vansittart and his coadjutors listened to the remonstrances of Messrs. Whitbread and Tierney, respecting the expenditure of Carlton House, and exhibitions in the Park, would have justified the loud and indignant reprobation of every auditor. At a period when many hundred officers are deprived of their means of subsistence, when many thousand families are reduced to the utmost extremity of want, and famished infants implore for shelter at our thresholds, the ministers, with a stoicism that would have done honor to one of the worshippers of Bramah, replied to the animadversions of the opposition with a coolness and sententious brevity that sufficiently indicated how little they shared in the common feelings of humanity. They affected to regard £50,000 or £60,000 as a sum too trivial for the notice of individuals so high in station, and so little acquainted with that vulgar feeling, want of money. After being questioned and cross-questioned in every variety of form, it actually appeared, that an expenditure fully equal to the endowment of a college, or the cultivation of a province, had been incurred, and actually paid by the orders of *nobody*, with the participation of *nobody*; and that *nobody* knew any thing of the matter. Let it be observed that we do not, in the slightest degree, object to the commemoration of the late glorious events, or of the most desirable of human blessings. It is to the mode in which the expences were rendered three times larger than necessary, to the official negligence displayed in the issues from the Treasury, and to the ignorance in which the public were permitted to remain respecting the disposal of those sums which had been levied on their estates.

It is not surprizing, therefore, if there be one general and enthusiastic feeling of discontent at the expected continuation of the property tax; not merely on account



of the peculiar nature of the tax itself, but because its continuance implies an addition and prolongation of those burthens, which the return of peace was expected to alleviate. Before the people can be justified to their country, and themselves, in complying with the requisitions of the minister, they have a right to enquire whether these requisitions are necessary, and whether some degree of moderation, judgment, and self-denial on the part of their superiors, might not materially lighten the pressure of our expenditure. How is it possible that any individual should pay his ten per cent. with cheerfulness, or even with patience, when he reflects that a personage who has been distinguished by no extraordinary services, whose past labors have been well rewarded, and whose sisters are well provided for, is receiving at this very moment £14,000 per annum for doing nothing. A single example of this kind is sufficient to excite the most unpleasant sensations in every reflecting mind, but it is not unfortunately a solitary instance: the red book abounds with similar examples; and Hyde Park testifies the shameless audacity of the pensioners on the public purse.

Expenditure has so rapidly succeeded to expenditure, and extravagance to extravagance, that our ministers and financiers appear to have lost all distinct idea of the comparative value of money, and to impose million upon million with as little sense of the importance of their measures as if they were playing at a game of *Ving et un*, or shuffling their counters for amusement. They bestow a few thousand pounds on this person, and a few more on that; they obtain a grant for one thing, and a vote for another; and when they are called upon to reflect upon the tendency of their proceedings, reply, by a shrug of the shoulders, and a smile of self-complacency. Sums of which the very mention in the time of our ancestors would have struck them mute with dismay and astonishment, scarcely cost the trouble of a whisper across the table; and impositions, which in the time of Hampden and Sidney, would have awakened the people at large to one general resistance, are passed without a murmur.

"In 1693 the whole revenue amounted to no more than £1,570,318; a sum considerably less than was expended during the last year in gratuitous, immoral, or frivolous expence.

During the fourteen years of King William's reign the grants of parliament amounted to £55,407,078; or not quite one half the amount of the supplies for the present year. Are we more great, or rich, or happy, in any proportion to the difference of expence?

In 1710, after eight years of successful war, the whole nation was *thrown into alarm*, by the *unprecedented* grant of £17,000,000.

During the thirteen years of Queen Anne's reign, the grants amounted to £80,000,000, not three-fourths of the expences of the present year.

During the thirteen years of the reign of George the First, the grants amounted to £34,794,818, a little more than one fourth of the revenues of 1814.

During the reign of George the Second, which lasted thirty-four years, the grants amounted to £205,798,561.

At the Revolution the national debt was only £664,263.

At the death of William the Third, £16,394,702.

At the death of Queen Anne, £54,145,363.

At the death of George the First, £52,092,235: so that during his reign it had positively decreased.

In the year 1764, it amounted to £146,682,844.

Its present amount, allowing for the sums redeemed by the sinking fund, is supposed to be £839,000,000."

A statement like the preceding is well calculated to excite consideration in the most unreflecting and prejudiced enquirer, how far it is prudent or possible that such a system should continue: and if ever our statesmen, forgetting for awhile, the petty interests of themselves and their dependents, should seriously proceed to the adoption of a rigid system of economical reform, little doubt can be entertained that they should begin by suffering the tax on property to expire. It oppresses above all others the dependent and industrious classes of society; its operation is not gradual and insensible, like that of the assessed taxes, but immediate and irritating: in common minds the mode of its infliction holds out a temptation to fraud and perjury that ordinary fortitude cannot resist; and the oppression and insult to which it subjects the most venial offenders, have a powerful tendency to demoralize the habits and manners of the people.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF VICE-ADMIRAL  
SIR SAMUEL HOOD, K. B. K. F. M. K. S. &c.

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In war impetuous as the bolt of Heaven,  
Wing'd with red blazes, and by lightnings driven.

*Drummond's Trafalgar.*

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THE life of a sailor abounds with adventure; his path is over the bosom of death, and encompassed with every peril adverse to human existence: the variety of fortune which he experiences, bears unto us the appearance of a continued succession of hardships and toil, and his best changes are but variety of woe. What he accounts the hour of enjoyment, the happy time when his soul, free from every care, buries the memory of past reflection in a delirium of rapture, we should deem but a transient repose from labour, a short breathing to renovate tired nature, and enable her to begin, with restored vigour, the new day, fraught with fresh difficulties, and gloomy with increasing dangers.

Habit, which in time can reconcile us to any thing, renders a sailor in his own idea the happiest of mortals; and in that idea he is as different from any thing we can suppose, as he is in dress and behaviour from all other men. In scenes of turbulence, the sailor is perfectly at rest; and amidst the howlings of the tempest he is proudly and serenely calm: serene, because habit has inured him to danger; and proud, because whenever it appears, his best abilities are called into action to meet it; Vanity also, as to his professional talents, is one of the sailor's pardonable weaknesses.

In battle he is supremely blest: his soul, wound up to a pitch of enthusiasm, lives on his "dauntless brow and spirit-speaking eye;" he tramples indignantly upon fear and death, whilst he looks forward with hope and eager expectation. He has but two objects in view, the destruction of the foe, and the raising of England's glory. His heart is steeled in pursuit of these, and in scattering around him havoc and dismay, he feels neither compunction nor regret; he delights in the task he is performing, and accounts it a duty which he was born to do for his king and country, acceptable in the sight of God, and worthy of reward both here and hereafter.

In every change of country he is still the same proud, im-



petuous, haughty being ; he bestows the epithet of foreigner in a contemptuous light upon all who have not the happiness to be born in his own island, and thinks he has a right to commit with impunity, in another country, acts for which any of its native inhabitants would be hanged. Abroad, he judges of men, manners, and things, from comparisons favourable to his own prejudices ; and, to crown all, he is for ever boasting of the liberty he enjoys, when he is in reality a slave.

The temper and disposition of the sailor is changeable, heedless, and unthinking : in the bitterest distress he appears resigned, and comforts himself with the exclamation, "Thank God, 'tis no worse !" and in the exultation of prosperity, his most grateful expression is, "Who the devil would have thought it ?"

It is true, that

His march is o'er the mountain deep,  
The ocean is his grave ;

and it is also true, that he prefers the path where danger lurks unseen, to the moss-clad vale of peaceful ease ; and looks forward to his last repose amidst the billows, as preferable to the sepulchre of his forefathers.

The dangers which he has to encounter—the weary days and sleepless nights in which he has to bear up against countless difficulties—wet, cold, hunger, and fatigue, with the many hairbreadth escapes, where man clinging to man save and assist each other, softens every feeling of the heart, and forms a being of the most generous and tender nature. He that never knew sorrow, (says Seneca,) has seen the world but on one side, and is ignorant of half the scenes passing in the other. A sailor is the continual sport of joy and care, and yet continues as ignorant of the world as a mere child. He thinks well of every one. He knows that he is the offspring of affliction, and conceives every son of misery to be his brother. Under his rough and weather-beaten exterior, is often hidden a tender and compassionate heart ; and his feelings are not the less sensible and acute from his being rocked in the cradle of adversity, and hushed to rest by the spirit of the storm.

Such is the general character of the British sailor, drawn from observation, and gained during the experience of years. It is not only to be applied to him who earns his honest biscuit before the mast, but to those of a higher rank, who partake in a great degree of every failing and prejudice with each other,

even to the doctrine of predestination, to which officers and men alike pin the little faith they possess. To detail the career of such a restless animal from the cradle to the grave, is an arduous and difficult task, which very few are capable of executing with fidelity. A want of information must sometimes occur, and in such a case, for my own part, I would prefer being silent, to speaking from supposition, as likely to lead to a labyrinth of doubts, perplexing to myself, and unsatisfactory to the reader.

For this reason I profess only to give a *sketch* of the life and actions of Vice-Admiral Sir Samuel Hood: if I omit any thing, the fault will then be excusable; if I furnish a complete detail, the reader will be surprized, if not pleased with a correctness he did not expect: at the same time I can with truth aver, that I sit down to execute my little, and not unpleasing task, with more than common means of information. For a series of years I have only to resort to a memory naturally good for every particular; and for the events of an earlier period I have had them related to me by the honourable subject of this memoir.

Sir Samuel Hood, it has been said, was born near Bridport in Dorsetshire, of poor but honest parents, about the year 1760. The fact of the place of his birth being near Bridport, is not to be questioned; but candour compels me to state, that it is matter of doubt, whether the old people with whom he was brought up in his infancy had really the right to call him by the appellation of son. He is commonly called the nephew to Admiral Lord Hood, the present Governor of Greenwich Hospital, and Admiral Lord Bridport, lately deceased; but rumour places him in a nearer degree of relationship to the first of these noble lords. I can only say, that I never heard the gallant admiral claim more than a very distant family connection with either; and the circumstance of his reputed parents remaining in poverty until fortune put it in his power to relieve their wants, makes it probable that he was really indebted to them for his birth, and only distantly related to the noble personages above mentioned. Had he been nephew to men in such affluence, his parents would not have been suffered to linger in obscurity and penury. This is a question perhaps not worth endeavouring to clear up: when, from a very low origin, men have risen to eminence and power, we are apt to look round for

something besides personal merit and natural abilities in order to account for their sudden exaltation. We are not willing to admit that

—— Their ancient, but ignoble blood,  
Hath crept through scoundrels, ever since the flood.

Thus the father of Cardinal Wolsey, an eminent butcher, has been raised into a respectable country gentleman, who *killed his own mutton*; and even he who possessed a legal title to be called the father of Napoleon Bonaparte, has had his claims disputed by a French colonel. Weak minds frequently betray themselves in supposing great abilities the hereditary attendant upon high birth; the truth is, that only one in ten of our great men possess talents—the rest are mere blockheads. Such obstinate genealogists would be shocked, if told, that the father of our present great and good *humoured* Lord Chancellor, was a common licenser of *hawkers* and *pedlars* in the north of England; not so well known by the name (ancient enough, north of the Tweed,) of Scott, as that of *Old Plunder Pack*; and that the great grandfather of my Lord Castlereagh, was literally a *travelling Scotch pedlar*, well known all over the county of Down, in Ireland, by the familiar appellation of "*Bob Macgregor*," a name, which the people of that county still continue to bestow upon his descendant. Few people are indebted to their ancestors for any inward quality necessary to form a great and heroic character, none less so than Sir Samuel Hood. As his fortunes were humble, so his education was narrow and confined. Possibly his parents never had sufficient pride to think of making their son a scholar and a gentleman. When Sir Samuel began to experience the smiles of fortune, and, as captain of the *Juno* frigate, had the honour to attend upon the king at Weymouth, Mr. and Mrs. Hood were in the habit of riding over upon the same horse to see him, generally bringing a couple of *cheeses* on one side of the animal, balanced by a *firkin* of butter on the other. These Captain Hood at that time gladly accepted, and, whatever were his company, received and treated them with filial affection: nor at any future period would they accept more from him, though constantly intreated so to do, except an addition of £50 per annum, which arose from a farm, the property of Sir Samuel Hood. "Their wants were few, their wishes all confined." With these humble ideas, and so little ambition, the education they gave their son was such as suited the narrow



prospects they had in view for him. To sit as the medium balance betwixt two firkins of butter on a market day, was the height to which they wished to see him aspire. Happily for himself and his country, however, Providence decreed his path to extend far beyond the circumscribed limits of his honest parents' vision; and it is creditable to his heart to observe, that he never suffered pride to make him forget the duty he owed his parent. Old Mr. Hood would frequently enquire for him on the beach amongst the sailors, by the name of "*My Zammy*;" he was never offended, but has left the barge in which he had steered his Majesty to the shore, and, amidst a crowd of royal and noble observers, hastened to embrace his father. How few in such a situation would have virtue sufficient thus to express their natural feelings!

The country school master to whom he was indebted for a slight knowledge of mathematics and navigation, dismissed him ignorant of any language but his own, and that I am told he spoke with broad genuine provincial purity.

Sir Samuel Hood made his *debut* in the American war, on board the old *Barfleur*, of 98 guns, under (I believe) Admiral Affleck, a man of some note in his day, when drawn battles were celebrated in London by illuminations, and the Park and Tower guns fired, because De Grasse had beaten Graves out of the navigation of the Chesapeake.

Sir Samuel was not remarkable for any thing during his servitude as a midshipman;—he could not, or would not, learn navigation; nor did he, for some years, shew any ambition to attain the knowledge of common seamanship. I have heard him say, that he frequently did not want for application, but that he felt so little inclination to a seafaring life, that he forgot its duties almost immediately after they had been taught him. Mr. Childes, the gunner, had charge of Sir Samuel, and behaved with a kindness which he returned to his son after the lapse of many years, when he picked him up as a foremastman, took him under his protection, carried him from ship to ship, and finally sent him away to enjoy independence and a lieutenancy. This young man was living a few years ago, on half pay, at Brixham, near Torbay; he is not the only one who experienced the beneficial effects of Sir Samuel Hood's gratitude for favours conferred on him in his youth. A boy, whose father had been a warrant officer in the ship in which Sir Samuel was a

midshipman, came by chance on board the Juno frigate: Sir Samuel took him first as a servant, but discovering he had talents to form a seaman, made him a midshipman, supported him, (though he could ill afford it,) until he had served his time, and finally procured him a commission in his own ship. This promising officer, Mr. John Knowesly, died of a fever at Portsmouth, much regretted by his patron and friend.

It was not until Sir Samuel Hood obtained a lieutenancy that he shewed any marks of those abilities as a seaman, which have rendered him one of the brightest ornaments of the navy. The protection Lord Hood extended to him in the outset of his career, did not comprise pecuniary assistance; he has often related to young men on board his ship the hardships he endured as a midshipman. "You murmur," he would say, "at having but two changes of uniform, besides jackets and trowsers: I have been one of six in a mess, where we had only one uniform coat and hat amongst us all; they hung up in the corner of our birth, and he whose day it was for duty wore them in harbour; we could only go on shore singly, as we were not permitted to leave the ship in jacket and trowsers, and had but one coat: so if the day-midshipman\* belonged to our mess, we were all forced to remain on board, and thus often lost our turn of leave."

As a lieutenant he served in several vessels, particularly the *Barfleur*, on board of which the present Lord Hood had his flag hoisted; he met with no opportunity of distinguishing himself above his brother officers; he acted as signal (or what is now termed flag) lieutenant, and to this day, he is one of the quickest signal officers in the service. Sir George Brydges Rodney noticed him favourably, on account of some trifling services in boats near the island of Guadaloupe, which he executed judiciously; and at the request of his second in command, Admiral Hood, promoted him to the rank of master and commander, in which capacity he served as a volunteer on the poop of the *Barfleur*, to look out for signals on the ever-memorable victory obtained by Rodney over De Grasse in the West-Indies; he then received a severe wound in the right leg which has never been properly healed, and at this time often causes him to be confined to his cabin. The share which the *Barfleur*

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\* The midshipman, who acts in turn as aid-de camp to the captain.

† The most exposed part of the vessel in action.

had in the glories and dangers of that hard-fought day, still forms a theme for seamen to descant upon with delight; she bore the brunt of the battle, and according to the words of an old song made upon the occasion, more famous for its truth than the beauties of its versification,

Though 'twas Rodney made the signal,  
It was Sir Samuel Hood made sail.

I have heard Sir Samuel Hood state the fact, that the *Ville de Paris*, of 120 guns, (afterwards lost in the great hurricane) struck her colours to the *Barfleur*, and that *De Grasse*, in delivering his sword to Rodney, said that it was an honour due to his second in command, Sir Samuel, (now Lord Hood), for he had struck his colours to the *Barfleur*. Lieutenant Hood was nominated to bring home one of the prizes taken on that eventful day, but something prevented his doing so, most probably he wished to remain with his name-sake and relative, for that promotion which he so soon after obtained. When the prizes were surveyed, to ascertain whether they were fit to weather out a voyage to England, Captain Hood expressed his opinion, that the *Centaur*, of 80 guns, would perish, if she unfortunately encountered a gale of wind; and endeavoured to dissuade his friend, Captain Inglefield, from accepting the command of her. His predictions were too painfully verified, the *Centaur* foundered with all her crew, except Captain Inglefield and about twelve more, who escaped in the pinnace, and after a fortnight spent in a turbulent sea, with scarcely a morsel of biscuit to eat, and no water to drink but what they sucked from an old blanket, which served them for a sail, they arrived at Fayal in the Azore islands, several of them having died before they made land\*.

Captain Hood saw much severe, if not brilliant, service, whilst master and commander; and as post-captain he stepped into the shoes of captain, (now Vice-Admiral Coffin) dismissed from commanding the *Thisbe* frigate, for cruelty and oppression, but reinstated in his rank on his arrival in England. It is worthy of remark, that Coffin ever after cherished a bitter enmity towards Captain Hood, merely because Lieutenant Turner, who

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\* The report of survey pronounced these prizes unfit to send home; but the vanity of Rodney to shew them in England made him attempt it:—2000 lives were lost on this occasion.



preferred the charges against him, was kept by Captain Hood as his first lieutenant. This Turner, now a master and commander, an excellent officer, but no economist, has lately met with many reverses of fortune.

It is an honour to such a man as Sir Samuel Hood to be disliked by one of the character of Coffin, who is supposed to be the least like a gentleman of any officer in the navy.

When the island of Elba was in our possession, Coffin being the naval commissiouner, lorded it over the unhappy Elbese with a tyrant's hand, more weighty than that of his successor, Napoleon; he was removed from thence to Lisbon, where he offended the Portuguese and the British officers by his arrogance. Captain Hood, who sent him there, refused to hold any intercourse with him, even upon duty. He is a native of America, and I am informed is now settled near Halifax.

During the peace which followed the American war, Captain Hood held the command of the *Juno*, a fine 32 gun frigate, and in her small four-oared boats, at Kingston, in the island of Jamaica, he fearlessly put off to rescue from a wrecked vessel beating to pieces on the rocks, at a considerable distance from shore, four men, who were clinging to the shrouds, in momentary expectation of being swallowed up by the waves. Two hundred guineas had been offered, in vain, by numerous spectators of the disaster to any set of men that would attempt to approach the wreck; the sea ran so high that no one dared to venture. Captain Hood, immediately on arriving at the pier, offered himself, and after much persuasion, with great promises of reward, three men went with him: no one ever expected to see them return. But fortune favours the bold in a virtuous cause, and the unhappy men were delivered from the jaws of death; Captain Hood, amidst the acclamations of thousands, had three hundred guineas, raised on the spot by subscription, placed in his hand, which he instantly divided amongst his three humble associates in the enterprise, declaring, that he wished for no other reward than what he felt from a consciousness of having, to the best of his power, done his duty to his fellow creatures. The House of Assembly voted him a sword valued at one hundred guineas; he retains it still, not for ornament, but use; as he never wears it except on a day of battle, and it is the only weapon of the kind he appears to set any value upon, though he has had many of greater worth presented by his foes, after being won in a more splendid, but not more praise-worthy, manner.

The *Juno* was fitted up in the most sumptuous style, as a sort of armed yacht, to cruise at times with his majesty, who was particularly fond of sailing through Portland roads in a rough sea, where the little cock-boat yacht from the river would have exposed royalty to the danger of a wet jacket. The selection of Captain Hood for this duty was not accordant with his wishes or inclinations; it neither suited his habits or his fortune: he had with much economy laid up a little independence; but the expences he was put to compelled him to part with it all, and at the commencement of the French revolutionary war, he left England in debt, a thing he often mentioned as "the most unpleasant occurrence in his life."

He did not conceive himself properly recompenced for the extraordinary attention he was obliged to pay to his visitors on this occasion, and had the war not broken out, his circumstances would have been irretrievable. He has often declared that his last shilling made him a beggar to purchase the \**Gazette* which set him at liberty. The king, indeed, generously offered to knight him, which he declined, saying, "he had not done any thing to merit such an honour."

I know not whether the present liberal ruler evinced more generosity on this occasion; but I have heard from the then steward of Captain Hood that he was so very partial to a small cask of Jamaica rum, which had been thirteen years at sea, that he fairly saw it out in two summers. I once had my doubts concerning this notable feat, but now I am inclined to believe the old steward went a whole summer beyond the real truth of the case.

The *Juno* being ready fitted for sea, pushed out on a cruise the very day war was declared. She had a select crew, all able seamen; the French merchants had not time to call in their vessels, and Captain Hood had the fairest prospect imaginable of retrieving the little fortune he had interred in the bowels of his kind friends at Weymouth-roads.

J. M.

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\* The *Gazette* containing the declaration of war.

# THE WEST OF ENGLAND GRAND MUSICAL FESTIVAL.

A COMICAL ENTERTAINMENT;

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

A Conductor.	A Leader.
B—a—m.	Frank T—r—r.
Countryman,	—————.
M—s—n.	Col. Mac.
Choristers, &c.	Nobody.
M—x—y.	Orchestra Boy.
P—d—n London.	L—n—y.
Cat—a—i.	M tre.

## ACT I.

**SCENE**—*The entrance to the place of performance. A procession of the Singers and Instrumental Performers preceding their Conductor.*

## CHORUS.

“ See the Conquering Hero comes !

*Play the fiddles, (a) beat the drums !”*

Countryman.	Who comes there, so woundy big ?
Nobody.	Who comes there ?—THE LEARNED P— !
Countryman.	The learned pig—na, that won't do— He'd trot along on <i>four</i> —not <i>two</i> .
Nobody.	Oh ! this is one of curious breed— One that on music, man, will feed— One that has teeth, as well as <i>paws</i> , Oft exercis'd— <i>consuming jaws</i> : <i>Subject</i> before him, in a trice It goes—it falls <i>a sacrifice</i> .
M-s-n.	Who feeds on music ?
Countryman.	————— <i>Measter Caper, (b)</i> Now do you think he feeds on paper, That great big pig !—egad our sow Is not more up in flesh ;—now how Can such dry stuff so make him wear ?
M-s-n.	No, no, but music can —

(a) This expression was substituted for “*sound the trumpets*,” there being but *one* instrument of the kind in the band, and that an indifferent one.

(b) From the Countryman's knowledge of his being a dancing-master, perhaps.



- Countryman.** ————— that's air !  
 If you bethink that I *be* a flat,  
 I'll prove the contrary of that ;  
 Yez—and between us I can zee  
 The two outwitted o'the three !
- Conductor (passionately)** Who interrupts the Handel-strain ?  
*(With gentleness)* Sing on, play on, move on again.  
 Let nothing, any thing retard ;  
 Raise high in air *our great placard.* (c)
- One of the Choristers displays it attached to a pole as a banner.**
- Countryman.** *Playcard ! playcard !*—Why, Measter Caper,  
 How can he call a card that paper ?
- M-s-n.** *Playcard*—or bill of fare—To wit—  
 Same as
- Countryman.** ————— a fiddle's called your *kit*,  
 And *hoppers*, those in *dancing fit*.
- Conductor.** Who interrupts again the chorus ?  
 Mount *all* the Orchestra before us !
- Countryman.** *The Orchestra ! ! !*
- Conductor (in a rage)** ————— Again thus baffled ?
- Countryman.** Oh ! 'tis the EXECUTION SCAFFOLD.
- Conductor (attempting to seize him by the throat)**—*The what ?*
- Countryman.** ————— The—I'll not stay to say ;—  
 Whole skin I brought,—will take away ;—  
 No subject for your paws to day.  
 [Exit—running.]
- Conductor (flurried)**—Nearly at an end parade is,  
 Bless me, where, where, where's the Ladies ?  
 For them, for them send, send the porters,  
 They must be my, MY SUPPORTERS.
- Cat-a-i.** Bless me, Mr. P—, what  
 Has ruffled 'e so much ?
- Conductor.** ————— Oh ! Cat !  
 I, I had lost 'e !
- Cat-a-i (pointing to M-s-n)** ——— Who's that *tall* man ?
- Conductor.** That, that, that—Oh ! *Mrs. S—l—n ! !*
- Cat-a-i.** *Mrs. S—l—n !*—He sees double ! !
- B—a—m (pitying)**—Evidently he's *in trouble*,  
 Or through *dress*, if not through *throat*,  
 He'd distinguish *coat* from *petticoat*.

(c) Bill of fare, supposed 15 feet by 4.

*Conductor.* Now, Ladies, come, come one each side ; (d)  
Open the door there ! Wide ! wide !! wide !!!

(*The performers ascend the orchestra.*)

*Conductor.* Within, within, within are all ?  
Quick to my deputy (e) there call ;  
Tell him to sound the A for tuning.

*B—a—m.* Why, Mr. P—, surely pruning  
Would be of service here. The *tree*  
Better would thrive, with some I see,  
Bad, bad, bad branches lop'd away.

*Conductor (confused)*—Do, do you think so ?

*B—a—m.* ————— Yes.

*Conductor.* ————— Then pray  
Be, be so good as to point out  
Such as—

*B—a—m.* ——— Why, to the *right-a-bout*,  
If I but turn the half I would,  
*Weak*, will turn out your *music food*.  
What hope is here of *airs* and *graces*  
From such hard-featured looking faces ?  
Except the few, (not half a score)  
Accustom'd to the thing before,  
From London called :—*What, what are these ?*  
The sight almost, oh ! makes me freeze !  
Was Handel here, gad, what a rout  
There'd be—He'd fling the wig (f) about !  
I *froze* just now, and now I *stew* !!  
I ———

*Conductor.* Pray, Mr. B—a—m cease ! do, do !!  
The audience else, else, else will hear you,  
And I, I, I—

*B—a—m.* ————— Well, never fear you ;  
A plan I've thought on.

*Conductor.* ————— One that's bright,  
No doubt, no doubt !

*B—a—m.* ————— They'll do *for sight* ;  
But let *nine-tenths* of those I see,  
*Mute*, MUTE, their FIDDLES !—

(d) The order of ascending the Orchestra.

(e) His pupil, presiding at the organ.

(f) Alluding to Handel's flinging his wig at some performers for not playing his music.

Conductor. \_\_\_\_\_ I agree.  
 B—a—m. And those of **YOUR** (*partly aside*)—the grunting (g) breed,  
 MUZZLE !  
 Conductor. \_\_\_\_\_ What ?  
 B—a—m. \_\_\_\_\_ Muzzle !!  
 Conductor. \_\_\_\_\_ Ah !—**AGREED.**

*End of Act I.*

## ON THE FRENCH CHARACTER, MANNERS, AND MORALS.

“ As we are at war with the *power*, it were well if we were at war with the *manners* of France. A land of *levity* is a land of *guilt*. A *serious* mind is the native soil of every virtue, and the single character that does true honor to mankind.”

So wrote the pious and sublime author of the *\*Night Thoughts*, in the year 1774. At present, Anno Domini 1814, we are on terms of amity with the government of France ; but it is to be hoped, that the character of the two nations will never assimilate ; at least that *ours* will never conform and change to *theirs* ; devoutly is it to be hoped, that we shall ever be at war with their manners and their morals.

If the increasing *emigration* (we may justly give it this name) of British subjects to France be, as most unquestionably it is, an object of serious consideration and regret, in a *political* point of view, as draining the country of vast sums of money ; it is still more so in a *moral* light. It has been remarked by several accredited writers, that Paris stands indebted for the amazing influx of foreigners, who resort to that sink of pollution from every part of Europe, principally to the facility with which every evil and corrupt propensity can be

(g) In allusion to what Exeter calls a singer.

\* See the Preface to the second part of the *Infidel Reclaimed*, or *Night the Seventh*.



gratified and indulged in that debauched metropolis. In England, libertines themselves still pay some respect to decorum, at least in public. This is not the case in Paris. There, mothers of families with their infant offspring are daily seen in company with the most notorious and abandoned prostitutes. The coffee-houses and cellars of the *Palais Royal* teem indiscriminately with both sexes. The matron of sixty, and the harlot of sixteen, are seated at the same table. The venerable hoary head comes in contact with the unblushing front of lewdness, and children are familiarized with vice from the very cradle!

The writer of this article does not speak from prejudice, still less from idle report. A long residence in France has afforded him abundant opportunity of appreciating the character of that volatile nation; and the result of his observation has convinced him that KOTZEBUE's remark is perfectly just, when speaking of the corruption of the French manners, he exclaims "*Delicacy! Delicacy!* thou mayest have here and there a *solitary shrine*; but not *one temple* in all Paris!"

Nor let it be pretended (as it has but too frequently been asserted) that this degeneracy and profligacy of morals are the offspring of the revolution—that the French character has been completely perverted and changed by the consequences of that lamentable event. This may be a specious, but it is a very erroneous doctrine. Those who seek to maintain it, will permit us to ask in our turn, "Were the leading characters, who composed the court of Louis XVI. (to the unfortunate monarch himself we pay the homage due to his virtues,) more distinguished for purity of manners than the persons who now figure on the public stage? Was the \*number of prosti-

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\* The number of prostitutes *regularly entered on the lists of the police* at Paris, in the year 1787, amounted to between sixty and seventy thousand! They were divided into distinct classes, under the several denominations of---1st class, *Courtisannes*, who received only the visits of persons of superior

tutes less formidable than it is at the present day? Did no *Ganymedes*\* walk the *Palais-Royal*? no *Tribades* throw out lures for their own sex, in the *Gallerie de Bois*, as well in those days, as at the present moment? Was there not a *club*, a regularly instituted club, known by the name of the †*Vestals*? Were the dignified clergy renowned for unsullied morals, and fair example? Was

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rank and fortune. At the head of these shone, thirty-five years ago, Mademoiselle *Guimard la célèbre*. She was in the sequel rivalled and even eclipsed by Mademoiselle *Saint Huberty*, and the celebrated opera-dancer, *Dervieux*. The latter fell into disrepute through her adventure with the rich Jew, *Peixotto*.

The 2d class bore the appellation of *Entretenues*, and was estimated at about ten thousand. Females of this class were admitted into very respectable society. The 3d class were denominated *filles*, and maintained, during their short-lived reign, a decent and reputable appearance. The last, and most numerous class, were the *filles-de-joie* by profession, who offer their charms to public sale. They were distinguished in Paris by the appellation of *Grisettes*.

\* “La pluralité des femmes, qui le diroit! mène à cet amour, que la Nature désavoue : c’est qu’une dissolution en entraîne toujours une autre.”---*Montesquieu, Esprit des Loix*, l. xvi. chap. 5.

† The principal temple, for the worship of this club, was the hotel of the celebrated Madame de F.---This being a very delicate subject to touch upon, we shall give but a very succinct idea of the nature of this institution. They were divided into *postulantes*, or novices; and *femmes*, or initiated. All females, who were not admitted into the sect, were designated by the title of *profanes*. The candidates and applicants for reception were termed *desirantes*. In the hall, where their assemblies took place, stood four altars, on which the vestal fire was kept constantly burning. The head-altar was decorated with the bust of *Sappho*---that of the famous *Chevalier d'Eon* ornamented the second.

After the votes had been taken for the admission of a new member, the candidate was subjected to a minute examination.

not the Bishop of Orleans the declared, avowed worshipper of the beautiful GUIMARD ?\*

Was it not prior to the revolution, that a young and beautiful girl was disposed of by public lottery? The history of this extraordinary event being not a little curious, its insertion in this place will doubtless not be unacceptable to our readers.

The high priestess recited a translation of the well known Latin verses of *Johannes de Nevizan*—

“Triginta hæc habeat, quæ vult formosa videri  
Femina! sic Helenam fama fuisse refert.”

These verses require *thirty* different corporal beauties and perfections. To possess *sixteen* formed a *qualification*. If found to be thus endowed, the candidate was then formally initiated into a secret of iniquity, which disgraces human nature. “*C'est dans ces assemblées, (writes a celebrated author) que se passent des horreurs, que l'écrivain le moins délicat ne peut citer, sans rougir.*” At the different degrees of initiation formal speeches, of considerable length, and many of them master-pieces for eloquence (eloquence badly employed, in the very worst of causes) were made by the lady officiating in the character of high priestess. The celebrated actress, Mademoiselle RAUCOUR acquired great eminence on these occasions. Several of her speeches have appeared in print, and, (if it were possible to separate the action from the purpose) would be entitled to more than ordinary praise, on the score of ingenuity and talent. After such a disclosure, will it longer be pretended that the state of manners and morals, in France, was not sunk to the very lowest ebb of vileness and degradation—under the ancient dynasty, and long before the revolution?

\* The following *jeu-d'esprit* of the witty Monsieur ARNOUX, on this connexion, deserves to be recorded—“*Je ne conçois pas, comment ce petit ver à soie est si maigre, il vit sur une si bonne feuille!*” I cannot conceive how it happens that this little silk-worm (alluding to Mademoiselle GUIMARD, who was rather of slender bodily proportions) is so meagre, for it feeds upon such a good leaf! The Bishop of Orleans had just been presented with the *feuille des bénéfices*.



An industrious, but poor tradesman left at his decease a widow, with three daughters (the eldest about seventeen,) totally unprovided for. After long struggling with extreme distress and want, the wife of a lottery-office-keeper, who was in habits of intimacy with them, hit upon a singular expedient to extricate this unfortunate family from misery. She conceived the truly original idea of establishing a lottery—the eldest of the aforesaid three daughters to be the prize—and surrendered to the winner. The following is a literal translation of the printed PROSPECTUS, circulated on the occasion :

“ *To the humane and feeling Heart !*”

“ LOVE ! HOPE ! JOY !”

“ Madame L—— labours under great affliction and distress. Her husband is lately dead, and has left her destitute of every means of support. But good frequently springs out of evil. The very circumstance which at present adds to her embarrassments will, it is hoped, prove the source of succour and relief. She has three lovely daughters. The eldest, Mademoiselle *Angelique*, is a beautiful rose, not yet burst from the bud. She is but just turned of seventeen, formed to a miracle ; (*faite au tour*) and in every respect calculated to raise and satisfy desire. This divine, angelic creature is designed to form the prize of a lottery, which is to bear the name, not of *Royal*, but of *Cytherean Lottery*. The number of tickets are limited to one thousand, at one louis each, and four and twenty sols (one shilling English money) to the office-keeper. Each ticket is ornamented with an exquisite engraving, representing the blooming god of love in the act of plucking a rose-bud with one hand, and watering two small rose-buds with the other. Due notice will be given of the day of drawing the said lottery, which will take place in the *Pantheon*,\* and at which all the parties interested in the pro-

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\* The *Pantheon* at Paris, thirty years ago, presented a very different appearance from what it does at present. It was,

ject, it is presumed, will be present, to witness the impartiality of the transaction. The lovely prize herself, (object and exciter of a thousand wishes and desires!) will appear seated on a throne between her two sisters, the youngest of whom will draw the tickets. The moment the fortunate number issues from the wheel, a soft symphony will announce the auspicious event, and the mother herself deliver the blushing rose into the arms of the happy mortal, destined by the Cytherean goddess to such superlative enjoyment.

"The two younger sisters will be carefully educated, and perfected in every polite accomplishment, till they severally attain the age of fifteen years. At that period each of them will be disposed of, by lottery, in the same manner as the beautiful *Angelique*—and those, who have purchased tickets for the present lottery, will have the preference, in adventuring for the future prizes."

Incredible as it may almost appear, that such a scandalous proceeding should be tolerated by any government, the above lottery actually took place. Madame L——, dazzled with the prospect of gain, consented to this infamous traffic of her daughter; the example was but too closely followed by *Angelique's* two sisters; and the three Miss L.'s figured for a time, as stars of the first magnitude, on the horizon of gallantry.

The facts and incidents above related will, we presume, suffice to establish our leading position, that profligacy of manners and degeneracy of morals, are inveterate evils in the French character, and not entirely, nor yet for the major-part, ascribable to the effects of the revolution. That the latter event, combined with the long series of war, rapine, and bloodshed, in which France has been engaged for twenty years, has *not improved* the national character, we assert, not to disguise:

previous to the revolution, the *rendez-vous* of the higher order of *Courtisanes*, and the accredited temple of gallantry during the winter season.

That vice has become fixed, from long practice; that impiety and contempt of all good have gained ground; that dishonest habits have established themselves; that wicked propensities have grown familiar to the multitude; that enormities, at which the mind not yet inured to guilt revolts have lost their horror, and no longer astonish—all this is true. Indelicacies, obscene allusions, smutty *equivoques* are current in conversation, even in the presence of young females, who betray neither surprise nor resentment at such indecencies and impertinencies. The pretended gallantry of the nation (we are reasoning generally) is offensive to decorum; and the courtship of the sex divested of its sweetest charm. Modesty is the theme of ridicule, and that delicate reserve, which characterizes the female sex of this happy country, where domestic bliss is adequately valued, would only be construed into a want of good breeding, a want of what the French term *usage du monde, et savoir vivre*.

Nor is want of delicacy the only fault, which attaches (generally speaking, for certainly in this as in all other instances there are some exceptions) to the female character in France. There is likewise a kind of hard-heartedness, of which they may be justly reproached. And this, in our opinion, results from the too unlimited intercourse between the two sexes. Women in France, appear every where: even at *executions* they form the principal part of the spectators. The most advanced state of pregnancy is not sufficient to deter them from being present on these melancholy occasions. Some of our readers, who have never been in France, and judge of the female character in other countries, from what they witness of it in their own, may peradventure be led to imagine that we are rather too severe on the sex, in the present instance. But in reply to this surmise, we shall only advance a well-known fact—a fact, which took place *before the revolution*, and therefore tends to corroborate our leading position, that the dark part of the French character is of more ancient date than that event. It is a posi-



tive fact, noted down in the annals of Paris, that at the execution of the unfortunate *Desrues*, who was broke on the wheel, a woman was actually seized with the pains of labour, and delivered of a child on the very spot.

And yet, with all these black and damning faults, this is the country, which Englishmen affect to cherish! to which they resort by thousands! to which they emigrate to a degree so alarming, as justly to merit the interference of the legislature! France, the native soil of every vice, the fertile hot-bed of corruption and of infamy, is the country, which Britons prefer to their own! We have already observed, that in a *financial* point of view the vast concourse of visitors from this country to France, is highly detrimental to our political interests. Immense sums of money are drained from us, and thrown into the scale of French acquisition and aggrandizement. In a *moral* light, the evil is still more formidable. Numbers of inexperienced youth rush, as it were, with infatuation to France, where they imbibe unhallowed principles, and store their minds with falsehood and with error. On their return to their native shore they import the seeds of every vice; they disseminate their baneful tenets—set base example, and make unnumbered proselytes to impiety, to immorality and vileness. If some speedy and effectual check be not opposed to this emigrating system, in a short time we shall lose our national character, we shall be completely *Frenchified*—*quod Jupiter omen avertat!*

On a late discussion in the court of common council respecting a petition to parliament, for the repeal and abrogation of the *Income, or Property-tax*, a worthy baronet and alderman, of *facetious memory*, (and almost as clever at a pun, as J—— T—Y L—R himself!) conceived it his duty to advocate the cause of this abominable, inquisitorial measure, on the ground that, unless the *Property-tax* were continued, he should never have the satisfaction of seeing the Americans “*confoundedly well flogged!*” With all due deference to such high and *disinterested* authority, and sincerely wishing not to

hault, the worthy baronet's longing to witness a "*confounded good flogging-match*"—we should recommend to him a measure, which would answer a *double* purpose, and (to adopt a very homely proverb) *kill two birds with one stone*. Let him comply with the instructions of his constituents; let him *throw all his weight* (and God knows, that is *no little matter!*) let him throw all his weight into the scale of justice and the plighted faith of parliament, to effect the abrogation of the *Property-tax*, and having once accomplished this object;—this "consummation devoutly to be wished," let him, by way of making good the *deficit* in the national receipt, propose a *tax, sufficiently onerous and feeling*, on British emigrants, who drain the land of its wealth, to the injury of their own country, and the benefit of France. A tax of this nature would be highly conducive to the dearest interests of the state, and if followed up by the measure recommended to the *patriotic* baronet by Mr. WAITHMAN—to propose in the house *retrenchment of ministerial corruption, strict attention to public economy, and a due regard to the purse of the nation, on the part of a certain illustrious personage, who appears to consider money, NOT HIS OWN, a mere play-thing*—there does not, there cannot exist the shadow of a doubt, but government would be able to meet all the legitimate exigencies of the state.

That it is the privilege, the inherent and constitutional right of a British subject to choose his own residence, and consult his own pleasure and conveniency, as long as his private, personal option does not interfere with the general welfare, we readily admit. But the *good of all*, necessarily exacts the *sacrifice of individual caprice*. If Englishmen of fortune choose to dissipate their revenue in a country, which is the jealous, sworn rival of their own; if it please their whim, their fancy, to contribute to the means of enabling France to injure Great Britain; let them *pay*, and *pay well* too, for the indulgence of so pernicious, so dangerous, so unpatriotic a whim. What is it they propose to gain from this act of

30 *Account of the Anti-Anglican Club, at Marseilles.*

spontaneous, voluntary, self-expatriation? Some, we are aware, take this step from motives of necessary economy. These are not the persons we allude to, and whom we would wish to point out as befitting objects of taxation. But the giddy, infatuated host of idle wanderers, who drain this country of its wealth, and spend their patrimony among foreigners, surely deserves to *purchase, and that dearly*, a privilege fraught with such mighty detriment and peril to the state.

France has for ages been, and in all probability will for ages continue to be, the rival of Great Britain. Her hate to this country is not of transient origin. At the commencement of the American troubles, which brought about the separation of the United States (at that time *thirteen* in number) from the mother-country, a *club* was formed at Marseilles, under the denomination of the *Anti-Anglican*, which breathed open enmity and defiance to Great Britain. It was composed of *thirteen* members; met *thirteen* times in the year; and gave *thirteen* pic-nic dinners. The hall in which their assemblies were held, was decorated with the arms of the United States, and likewise with busts and statues of the most celebrated American patriots. Among these was the bust of the renowned Doctor FRANKLIN, with this memorable inscription:—

“Eripuit cœlo fulmen, sceptrumque tyrannis.”

Songs, vaudevilles, pasquinades, and libels without number, were circulated throughout all France, against the pretended tyranny of Great Britain; and to such an extent was the expression of animosity against this country carried, that the court at length took the alarm, and interposed a powerful check to this popular effervescence;—not from tenderness to the English government, but from a serious apprehension, that this zeal for the freedom and independence of America, might, by re-action, be productive of baneful effects to the political state of things in France. That these apprehensions were but too well founded, lamentable experience has but too plainly evinced.



Let us then not arm a powerful and jealous neighbour against ourselves. A journey to France, undertaken from laudable motives, with the view of acquiring useful information; observing foreign manners; inspecting the exquisite monuments of art, and works of genius, with which the French metropolis abounds, will never incur our censure. But we shall never cease to reprobate the rage of general emigration; never cease to lament the sacrifice of the national character to French levity, French hollownness, deceit, and folly. Above all, we shall never scruple to avow our utter detestation of the vicious habits, the vile propensities, the profligate manners, depraved morals, and hardened impiety and irreligion, unhappily but too prevalent among our Gallic neighbours. Their very language is \*in-

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\* A Frenchman, in his language, is ever in extremes. What an Englishman would denominate *pretty*, the Parisian qualifies with the exaggerated epithet of *magnifique*—a large open place is with him *une place immense*—a good actor is termed *un homme divin*—a manufacturer who employs some *thirty workmen*, is said to have in his pay *un nombre infini d'ouvriers*—the learned Editor of a certain diurnal print, in Parisian phraseology, would be a man *d'une érudition vaste et immense*, though all the time his so much vaunted-knowledge may, in the eye of sober criticism, appear to be *une érudition très bornée*—and a young, likely chamber-maid, whom an Englishman would imagine he was complimenting, by calling her *handsome*, is with the Parisian *une beauté angelique et céleste*!

The same ridiculous exaggeration prevails throughout the whole of their style. When the writer of this article first visited Paris, he supposed words to have their fixed and legitimate meaning, and consequently was frequently induced into serious error. At present he has learnt to appreciate and interpret them with greater accuracy. Thus, for instance, if he had occasion to ask a Parisian the distance to any place he might be desirous of calling at---and should receive for answer *tout près* (close at hand) he would call a hackney coach. But if told that it was *pas loin* (not far off) he would deem it necessary not merely to take a coach, but provide himself with some refreshment, into the bargain.

32 *Progress made by the French in the science of geography.*

sincere; their example fraught with infection; their pretensions to superior light and attainment in science frequently \*shallow. To conclude with part of the quotation, with which we commenced the present remarks, on the state of manners and morals in France—"a land of levity is a land of guilt." That the French

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• The events of the last ten years; the surprising campaigns of Bonaparte, and his no less astonishing reverses, have considerably extended the knowledge of the French, in the science of geography. Previous to this period, they were woefully deficient in this branch of study. A Russian officer, a friend of the author, who visited Paris in 1789, has frequently assured me, that on his being presented to a certain nobleman of high rank at Paris, as a Russian, he was stared at as a prodigy by the whole numerous company—and the monosyllable "ah! ah!" echoed from every tongue. He was questioned relative to his religion, and having answered that he belonged to the Greek Church, it was whispered all round the room, "ah! ah! il est Mahometan!"

The same gentleman has related to me, that having on a certain occasion taken up a French publication, which contained a criticism on the work of a member of the academy of St. Petersburg, which said *critique* commenced with the following words: "*Au milieu des glaces de la Russie*"—he found extreme difficulty in gaining credit with the company, when he assured them, that the heat of the weather in the month of June was frequently greater at St. Petersburg than at Paris. But when he proceeded to state that excellent water-melons, figs, and grapes, with various other kinds of rich and delicious fruit were produced in the neighbourhood of Astracan, a general smile bore evidence to the incredulity of his hearers.

Latterly the French have had more than sufficient opportunity of becoming better acquainted with the geography and inhabitants of the Russian empire. At least the magnanimous ALEXANDER, much to his honour, has not been sparing of the means of information; though after all, their chief thanks are due to BONAPARTE himself, without whose most pressing invitation, the Emperor ALEXANDER would most probably never have paid a visit to Paris!

character is distinguished by *levity*, few of our readers, we apprehend, will presume to call in question: it follows therefore (unless we mean to invalidate the authority of Doctor YOUNG) that it is equally notorious for *guilt*. Never, never, we hope and trust, will the British character be brought to resemble that of France! From such a similitude, to adopt the words of the Litany—"Good Lord deliver us!"

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VOX CÆLORUM;

OR,

*Prognostications for the Year of Human Redemption 1815.*

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Prophetic fury rolls within my breast:—

And, as at Delphos, when the foaming priest,

Full of the god, proclaims the distant doom

Of kings unborn, and nations yet to come;

My lab'ring mind, so, struggles to unfold

On BRITISH ground a future AGE OF GOLD.

LANSDOWNE.

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SIR,

HAVING long studied the occult sciences, and rendered future events as easy of comprehension as those that are past; and having, by means of a long and tried intimacy with the planets, discovered some very singular circumstances about to take place in the new year, I have chosen your interesting work as a proper vehicle of communication to the public: because I am well assured that in so doing, the discoveries alluded to will be circulated in those ranks of life, where their merits will be duly and properly appreciated.

And here, most likely, it will be expected by some, that, in conformity to the usual practice of my first cousins, the almanack-makers, I should be as specifically exact respecting time in my prophecies, as the before-mentioned prognosticators are in the eclipses, and make use of the like precision: but this I do not think altogether



necessary, though I might have imitated them very closely in another part of their labours, namely, respecting that of the weather, by introducing half a score, or so, "*perhaps's*" or a dozen or two of "*now about's*."—However, be this as it may, without troubling myself about "*a day before, or a day after,*" as it regards the time that either of the events may take place, I shall, devoid of further ceremony, proceed to lay the following result of my observations before your readers; not in the least doubting, but they will wait with no less anxious expectation for their fulfilment, than for those of Nixon, or Mother Shipton, or the more modern *Bedlamite*—Johanna Southcott.

*Diplomatists*—studying truth.

*Barristers*—copying suavity of manners from the Attorney General.

*The Attorney General*—relinquishing small briefs to the minor counsel.

*Attornies*—presenting short bills, and rejecting bad causes.

*Clients*—shunning litigation, feeling the force of the old proverb, "*the first loss is the best.*"

*Bailiffs*—renouncing extortion, by not charging more than double for the necessaries of life.

*Gaolers*—declining their fees, and becoming the friends of mankind.

*Thieftakers*—out of employment.

*Doctors*—writing prescriptions in English.

*Apothecaries*—putting a true value on medicine by only charging for the bottles.

*Bishops*—assuming the primitive manners of the first ages of Christianity.

*Rectors and Curates*—profiting by their example.

*Brewers*—lowering the price of porter, to prevent ministers from raising the duty on malt.

There are several other events of a *political* nature, which I am perfectly aware are about to take place, but these I shall leave for time itself to develope.

EZEKIEL CAPRICORN.

ECCE HOMO!—*Audi alteram partem.*

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SIR,

CAN Englishmen reject, or dispense with the paramount necessity, the most sacred obligation of the ancient maxim—*audi alteram partem*?—Is there any subject, whether relative to the past, the present, or the future; whether in its nature, temporal or eternal; whether it may implicate our moral principles, or our metaphysical opinions, which can, or ought to form an exception? Can a case possibly be adduced, in which truth, being of no value, its place must necessarily be supplied by verisimilitude, by sophistry, and even by the grossest falsehood? He would indeed be a hardy reasoner, who, in the nineteenth century, should stand forward, and, unshielded by the armour of disguise, openly advocate the cause of untruth! If truth, then, be of that intrinsic and inestimable value, above all gold and precious stones in price, superior in human consideration to the universe itself, as Almighty nature has evidently intended it, and consequently the first and grandest object of human pursuit, how can it yet possibly be developed and obtained; but at the expence of minute and thorough investigation? And how can such investigation be accomplished, independently of full liberty of thought, of speech, of the press, and the most unrestrained communication of opinions, the equal right, natural and political, of all, or the right of none? Should a cause be submitted to a jury, with express directions that only such and such points must be discussed, the nature of their verdict may be easily divined. Should an accused or suspected person be screened from trial by the hand of authority, however plausible and ingenious might be the apology or defence instituted for him, far from his innocence being established, the reality of his guilt would lie under the stronger suspicion.

The above considerations spontaneously suggested themselves, on the perusal of a most ingenious and ar-

gumentative paper (No. 48, p. 453), but of a moral tendency, equally dangerous, evidently the production of a member of the class of talents, and of cultivated intellect. It is the very nature of fanaticism, sucked, as it were, from the mother's breast, of selfish bigotry, of the monstrous, unnatural, and impotent desire of monopolizing truth, to obscure the brightest intellects, and to debauch the most powerful reason. Thus, here is no intention of casting the smallest slur, either upon the intellect or the integrity of the meritorious writer above alluded to; who, on the contrary, ought in all fairness to be deemed writing from the sincerest conviction and the purest motives. Such are the advocates worthy of attention and reply; and the liberty, peace, and happiness of mankind, are vitally interested in a full exposition of their opinions and pretensions; and on such grounds, it is proposed to investigate specifically, but concisely, the leading arguments of the above cited essay.

The very nature of the arguments used by this writer, fully prove him to be strongly influenced by that illusion, which he inculcates as indispensably necessary for the peace and well-being of human society. On any other subject, and left to the unbiassed choice of his own understanding, he would have scorned a wretched and backnied sophistry, which first requires that we should deceive ourselves, in order to the more successful practice of delusion upon others. Inhuman to undeceive mankind, and so open their eyes to their real condition, in the most interesting and important concern of their lives! Without disallowing the possible utility or convenience of illusion, in some of the inferior concerns of existence, it is proper to demand who, among the multitude of its advocates, from Socrates to the writer in question, has ever adduced one single proof of either its necessity or beneficial effect in the great case in point? No proofs are offered, assertions only; and illusion in argument is naturally brought to subserve the cause of illusion in act. Thus my respectable antagonist—"reli-



gious illusion has contributed more effectually and extensively to the happiness of the world, than all the admitted truths on which learning has condescended to expatiate, or which philosophy has discovered." The page of history lies open to the studious class, the everyday transactions of society are submitted to the common sense of the lowest of mankind. Let us see what is to be gathered from those ample sources of incontrovertible truth and fact, by the most simple operations of the plainest understanding, if left to its native light and integrity. This so highly vaunted superstition, then, from its ancient, gross, and palpable, to its present refined and illusive state, can only be compared with the religion of truth and nature, as the dark and murky shades of hell, with the genial, soul-inspiring effulgence of the grand luminary of day. Is there a region or country on the face of the habitable globe, into which superstition has craftily intruded itself? and alas! few civilized societies have escaped its desolating influence, where all the horrors and inflictions of its fabled hell, have not found an actual and local existence?—Frauds, slanders, false accusations, divisions, social and civil, exterminating wars, in obedience to the command of merciful deities, crosses, gibbets, racks, dungeons, bloody sacrifices! Such are the fortunate errors of mankind! These have indeed mournfully embellished the cottage of the poor, and most fearfully added splendour and hilarity to the pomp and festivities of the palace. Under the basest and most wicked pretences, they have robbed the poor of the most valuable rights and comforts of human existence, and have degraded the rich, whose natural destination is the support and ornament of society, to a confederation of usurpers, monopolizers, and robbers, with all the dreadful responsibility attached to such a character. Upon whom did the thunders of the French revolution fall, that most just, as well as most terrible and universal of all acts of national retribution, but upon the guilty advocates and promoters

of religious *illusions*, and consequent political frauds, the foul degradation of the human intellect, and the poison of human happiness? Yet look abroad and at home, what mental infatuation, what dire corruption, what portentous incorrigibility: the ancient lust of selfish fraud and brutal tyranny, still subsists in full vigour—*the Lord has hardened the hearts of all the Pharaohs*, and horrible to announce, the season, that is to say, the necessity, approaches with fearful strides for a new French revolution! Again must the soul, devoted to humanity and peace, be appalled by national havoc and destruction, the smoking ruin, and all the horrors of desolation—the distracting and distracted yells of the unbridled multitude, *guerre aux palais, paix aux cabanes!*—bind your kings in chains, and your nobles in fetters of iron! Such are the awful and tremendous, but legitimate consequences of pursuing the base arts of religious and political fraud.

But it is observed, “to speak the truth at all times, and under all circumstances, is not necessary or expedient?” That is most assuredly no breach of the truth, nor will illusion and fraud gain the smallest advantage by its admission. Nevertheless, in all cases of material concernment, more especially in the transcendental one which embraces human rights, truth, simple and native truth only, can be available, and its promulgation is the first, the most indispensable of human duties. Are you afraid of truth? Look with a circumspect and penetrating glance into the thousand intricacies and contingencies of the scheme of human existence, and determine how you will be able to steer your bark safely through those shoals and quicksands, and amongst those rocks, without the guidance of truth. Would you have your guide, your servant, your wife, or your brother, insidious, *illusive*, false, treacherous? Yet you eternally, and with a persevering eloquence, which knows no truce or rest, inculcate the necessity of illusion, in other words, of falsehood and fraud, in your religious system, the professed aim of which is to direct and support the morality of the world!

And the morals of the world have, indeed, done due honour to such direction and support! What a pure morality must that be, which has falsehood for its fundamental prop!

The Englishman, it seems, derives all his notions of right and wrong, of integrity and of decorum, from certain ancient scriptures, to assail the precepts of which, would be to overturn the whole fabric of right and wrong. But whoever, whatever writer, infidel, deistical, or atheistical, ever dared, or apparently aimed for a moment, to controvert, those grand principles of truth and justice? If such a writer does exist, name him, convict him, subject him unpitied of all the world, to the heavy punishments to which you have doomed so many, whose only aim has been to enlighten and liberate mankind. An infant, you say, is told that he shall do no murder, and why?—simply because it is forbidden in a certain code styled the ten commandments. Is not murder, then, forbidden, from the natural and moral sense of its own heinousness and injustice, but on the mere authority of a book! The book, then, is lord paramount over the moral principle; and should that same book inculcate murder, murder instantly becomes an indispensable duty, with all its votaries! A convenient context, the interpretation of the priest, and the unbridled lusts and passions of his disciples, quickly silence all the scruples of a rational conscience: religion commands, and must be obeyed, whether to extirpate a nation, or immure an innocent individual in the dungeon of death. Alas! that the otherwise virtuous names of Grotius and Priestley, and of many more which might be adduced, must be the examples of this melancholy, this degrading truth!

How obviously absurd, to derive all moral principle, and to attribute all the moral benefits which have been conferred on society to this or that particular book, at the same time to palliate and gloss over all the moral turpitude, abominable example, crying injustice, debasing slavery, and ridiculous fables, of which they are full.



and even to forbid their detection and exposure, on pain of the most horrible punishments. And what, if those famous volumes could be annihilated to-morrow, and all remembrance of them utterly eradicated from the human mind? Reader, if thou art a man of unbiassed mind and honest intention, thou must perforce acknowledge that the world, whatever it might gain of liberty, humanity, and peace, could possibly lose nothing of sound principles, precept or practice; all which have a natural and inseparable existence in the human mind, and beside are, and ever have been found in other records of at least equal purity with those on which the cupidity and fanaticism of man, have set such immense value. Would not the union of all civilized nations, under one common standard of religion, and that the simple one of truth and justice, be a desirable consummation? O!—but if you adhere simply in your religion, to the principles of moral justice and useful truth, what will become of the concerns of the other world? Do not you fairly own, do not the great majority of the educated of all nations acknowledge, that all, or the greater part of our information respecting a future world, consists in a useful and profitable illusion. Never fear; but without your obtrusive aid, the human mind will always be sufficiently prone to illusion and superstition; but do not thrust superstition upon them; do not embue their too susceptible minds with it from their cradle; do not arbitrarily command it on the heaviest penalties, and then declare, with a face of wisdom and gravity, that they cannot exist independently of it. How, in that case, do your own party exist, who are in the secret? how is the purity of your morals preserved, or your future hopes cherished? Not surely by virtue of superstition, which you acknowledge to be adapted only to the capacities of the ignorant and vulgar, who, after all your pretensions, and independently of your sophisticated aid, are equally well acquainted in every civilized country, with the common principles of right and wrong, as yourselves. True and the only necessary religion, is

the simplest and plainest of all human institutes, adapted to the capacity of the labourer and the slave, and of every one who bears the human form.

I shall reply to but one more specific argument. I can gain nothing by being undeceived—if my belief be a false, it is at least a fortunate one. Never was a superior intellect more degraded, than by the use of this antiquated and common-place sophism. Is it then nothing to know the probable truth, to have a clear insight into your actual situation, to purge your mind of those groundless and panic terrors, which harrow up the souls, and embitter the lives of the far greater number of the human species?—Nothing, *rerum cognoscere causas*, and to acquire a firmness and equanimity which are the real basis of human freedom, independence, and happiness? Has not such a man yet reflected on the natural and unavoidable, although too often imperceptible course of religious falsehood and fraud, throughout all the innumerable channels and ramifications of human affairs?

To the philosopher and the upright man, brooding over the inevitable destinies, the miseries, and follies of human life, nothing appears so monstrous, so abominable, and so truly in the style of either hard-faced and brazened impudence, or of the most drivelling imbecility, as the common pleas of those immense benefits derived to human society, from religious fanaticism, unless indeed, the usual sophistical pretence, that the evils which are so incontrovertibly proved, are attributable not to religion itself, but to the abuse of it. What! will you plead the abuse of that, which you acknowledge to be grounded in fraud and falsehood. An apt but revolting parallel may be drawn from a neighbouring country. Listen to the traitors who sold their native country for foreign gold, and hear them, in the face of the world, boast of the benefits and the happiness conferred upon France by the BOURBONS for so many centuries!!—that indignant France, which is now silently and sullenly, but tremendously brooding over their punishment. In the mean time, no axiom can

42 *Priest-craft the cause of greater evils than infidelity.*

be more certain that, in proportion to the freedom from religious superstition, whether in individuals or communities, in such ratio, is their quantum of happiness and capacity of improvement. What countries can compare with regard to the advantages of religious freedom, with Saxony, or with the United States of America, the true models in such respect for all the governments of the earth? Has not every country, from the beginning, improved in morality and social happiness, in exact and gradual proportion, with its abatement of religious fooleries? Nevertheless our statute-book is not quite cleansed of the horrible and disgusting barbarities of former times, for if we no longer stretch upon the rack, or burn alive, the heretic, or cut out the tongue of the blasphemer, we yet have in store, the more slow and thence perhaps more cruel tortures, of incarceration and ruin, and these may fall upon men, the most virtuous and most ardent in the cause of truth! This relic of ancient bigotry ought surely to melt away before the sun of modern light. Over this remaining monster, our patriots are asleep, but time and great occasions shall awaken them from such a disgraceful slumber. I well comprehend the commercial nature of this so belauded fanaticism; it is not the general interest or happiness of the human race, which is at issue, or risk, but the interests of the great Diana and her priests, and of the numerous sharers in her frauds and abominations. Are they so infatuated and unreasonable, as to expect to be able to keep truth for ever hermetically sealed in their bottle, doling out draughts from it, for value received, as the second immaculate virgin does her benefit-tickets for heaven? Let them beware of the second bursting of the phial, which may produce an explosion, equally terrible with those recorded in the revelations. And, let Englishmen reflect that, every subject which will not endure the strictest investigation, must have something to conceal that will not bear the light of day—and, let every soul, endowed with common sense, ponder on the



inconceivable absurdity and injustice, of suffering one part of the people to propagate their opinions without reserve, and to promote their diffusion by all possible means, whilst another is prohibited even from stating or attempting to investigate the truth, on pain of the severest punishment! IS THIS YOUR BRITISH LIBERTY, OR IS IT PAPAL INFALLIBILITY? Whatever it may be—remember, that persecution always extends the heresy, and that the forcible suppression of a book never fails to enhance its interest.

Yours, &c. I. L.

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THOUGHTS ON THE MEASURES OF POLICE,  
NECESSARY FOR REGULATING THAT  
*Unfortunate Class of Females, who live by Prostitution.*

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Quidam notus homo, cum exiret fornice: macte  
Virtute esto, inquit sententia dia Catonis.  
Nam simul ac venas inflavit tetra libido,  
Huc juvenes æquum est descendere—*non alienas*  
*Permolere uxores.*——Hon. Sat. II. Lib. I.

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It is a melancholy reflection that human nature is so organized, that even the very welfare of society imperiously requires the existence of certain abuses, which philosophers have been wont to class in the rubric of “*necessary evils*.” In all great cities, whatever the form of government, and whatever may be the mode of religious worship there practised, it has been found impossible to prevent the increase of a numerous body of females, who derive their means of support from the promiscuous hire of their persons. The motto, which we have selected for our present essay informs us, that even the stern, the austere, and the rigid *Cato*, was so firmly persuaded of the *necessity* of this evil, that he publicly testified his approbation, at seeing the nobility and young men of quality in Rome, frequent these temples of illicit love. He was well aware, that inordinate passions,

like pent-up air, must find vent somewhere—and the happiness of domestic life suggests the policy of tolerating the existence of a *minor*, in order to guard against the perpetration of a *greater* crime. Were there no prostitutes in London, in Paris, in Berlin, and Vienna, no modest woman would dare to shew herself in the streets. Our wives and our daughters would be insulted under our very eyes, and the whole fabric of domestic happiness sapped from its very foundations.

Let it not be here objected to us, that we are advocating the cause of lewdness and immorality. Far from it—on the contrary, we appear, on the present occasion, as the avowed champions of virtue and of moral fitness. We deplore, as much as any man, the existence of the evil alluded to—but with the knowledge that it *does exist* must be combined the no less certainty of the *necessity* of that existence. This position no person of common sense and discernment will attempt to contravene. The enlightened philosopher therefore, and the judicious moralist, instead of idle declamation against a state of things which (however lamentable in itself,) the frailty and imperfections of our nature render unavoidable, will direct his thoughts to the best mode of restraining the evil within salutary bounds, and regulating its operation in such a manner, as to render it subservient to the greatest portion of good with the least share of mischief in its process.

This is what we propose to do in the present essay. Our attention has been drawn to this subject, by the measures lately adopted in various parts of this metropolis to effect, what is termed in the bills we have seen plastered up in the streets, the removal of prostitutes. Whether this mode of procedure be the most politic and the most effectual check to the nuisance against which it professes to guard, is worthy of investigation.

That a great and populous city, like London, cannot dispense with this unfortunate class of females has, we trust, been sufficiently established. But methods certainly *might*, and not less certainly methods *ought*, to be

adopted to check, as much as possible, the progress of the evil, and reduce its alarming growth. This is not to be effected by hunting these unfortunate wretches from one quarter of the town, which they only quit through compulsion, to settle and nest in another. This is following precisely the practice of ignorant empirics and quack-doctors, who by their injudicious and frequently baneful mode of cure, drive the disease from one part of the body to the other ; till, by this system of delodgment, the whole frame becomes distempered and infected.

In the first place, previous to attempting a *cure*, a wise administration ought carefully to analyze the *cause* of this moral disorder. There is a vast, an incalculable difference between the female character in London and in Paris. The greater part of our public girls have been driven to the disgraceful profession they now exercise, not by inclination, but by dire necessity and want. How many employments, for which the female sex seems peculiarly formed and designed by nature, are usurped by a race of effeminate beings in male attire ! On the other hand, how many laborious callings for which men seem better adapted, are the lower class of women compelled to submit to ! Many females, through former habits, through constitutional weakness and delicacy of frame, are not capable of undertaking the more fatiguing offices of menial service. With the best intentions in the world, they wish to keep up a decent appearance—earn for a time, an honest but precarious livelihood with the needle—sickness perhaps befalls them, or employment is at a stand. They get *behind-hand* (if we may be allowed the use of so homely a phrase) in the world. Their lodging probably is in arrear—their weakened frame debilitated by abstinence and sickness, requires perhaps a more delicate, but at the same time, a more expensive nourishment—and that at the very moment, when, through want of employment, they have ceased to possess the means of continuing even their wonted and habitual mode of living. Under these circumstances, they



yield perhaps to strong temptation, to the absolute cravings of want—or not unfrequently fall the victims of an innocent, guileless, unsuspecting heart. How many thousands owe their ruin to the perfidy of some vile, unprincipled seducer, who, under the most solemn vows and protestations, (which he calls the Deity to witness, and be judge between him and his deluded victim) ensnares, in evil hour, at a moment when her passions are wrought up to exquisite tenderness, and when she sees nothing in the world but the object of her soul's most inmost desire, her easy faith! with ruffian-grasp lays waste the fair temple of female loveliness and honour—then, like the evil dæmon, smiles exultingly over the destruction he has himself atchieved, and leaves his hapless prey to all the agonies of a broken heart!

Sensible too late of the inconsiderate step she has been prevailed upon to take, and unable to conceal her actual situation from the prying eyes of a censorious and hard-hearted world, the poor mis-guided victim of seduction sees herself involved in irreparable ruin. She is irrevocably excluded from all intercourse with the virtuous part of her sex; shut out from the society of even those who perhaps have been guilty of the same fault as herself; but who, more fortunate in their failings, have not experienced that result from their aberrations, which renders their shame public, and thereby escaped detection. Her reputation sullied, her character blasted, she is thrown upon the wide world—every one forsakes her, even her own kindred shut their door upon her; she has no alternative but to perish in extreme misery and distress, or else recur to a repetition of her offence, as her sole means of support. Thus a casual and venial error is transformed into habitual vice; debarred all society but that of the most abject and profligate part of her sex, she is forced upon infamy, and plunges by swift and abrupt gradation, to the very *ne plus ultra* of vileness, turpitude, and abhorrence.

But too faithful is the picture here given of the help-

less state of so considerable a proportion of these unfortunate females. To the feeling and discerning mind it presents *two* objects of momentous reflection. The first and most effectual measure to reduce the number of these unhappy creatures, would be a manly and consistent effort, on the part of administration, to protect the female sex in their just prerogatives. Let wise ordinances prohibit the usurpation of their legitimate callings by a vile set of effeminate beings, whose habits are a positive disgrace to manhood. Place both sexes in their proper sphere—and let not virtuous and patient industry be exposed to temptation, through the want of employment.

In the second place, let the legislature endeavour to adopt some plan for making a distinction between casual error, and hardened guilt. Shut not the door of repentance on the contrite victim of unprincipled seduction. Rather hold out encouragement and opportunity of reformation. How many interesting young females have bewailed their indiscretion with bitter tears, *with tears of blood!* and would willingly have returned to the path of virtue, from which they strayed through base inveiglement in an unguarded hour, if a hard-hearted world did not spurn them from its bosom with disdain, and condemn them to continue to tread the thorny labyrinth of vice, in which their feet unwillingly became ensnared! Let some wholesome institution be formed; some asylum opened (not after the manner of the *Magdalen*; but on the principle adopted by the Great Frederic of Prussia, in the city of Berlin) for the reception of deluded females, by which a charitable veil may be cast over their infirmity, and their shame kept a secret from the world. In Berlin, young women, whose error was productive of pregnancy, were on application to the proper authorities, placed in houses appointed for this purpose, where their name, their family, and former abode, were buried in profound secrecy and oblivion. The refuge allotted to persons in this predicament, was exempt

from all domiciliary visits ; due attendance was afforded to them, as well previous as subsequent to their period of confinement. And when sufficiently recovered to be able to labour for their own maintenance and support, they left the asylum, where their weakness had been so generously soothed and protected, with the same mystery with which they had entered it. Their secret rested entirely with themselves—and the consequence of their frailty, confined to their own bosom, frequently converted into a salutary warning not to incur similar risk by a recurrence to error. How many valuable females have, by such wise measures, been preserved to the community, and in the sequel become useful and valuable members of the state ! How many instances of *child-murder* have thereby been prevented, and not the infant only, but the deluded mother saved, the former from untimely destruction, the latter from a violent and ignominious death !

So much then, on the subject of the means and regulations to be adopted, in order to check the progress of the evil, and reduce the number of this unfortunate class of females ; or at least to prevent their alarming and rapid augmentation. We now proceed to canvass the measures necessary to be pursued, with the view of rendering the evil, which in spite of all endeavours can never be totally eradicated (for, as already observed, the existence of a certain proportion of public ladies is absolutely necessary to the preservation of domestic happiness, and the general good of society ;) we now proceed to discuss what regulations it would be expedient to put in force, to render their influence on the morals of the public less dangerous, less extensive in its operations, and less baneful in its effects. And here again, we would recommend the system established in various parts of the Continent. Let not the whole city be thrown open with promiscuous and unlimited privilege, to the common prostitute. Let their professional perambulations be limited to certain districts, and quarters of the town. How many



men are inveigled, even frequently against their will, and in spite of all refusal, by these artful and deleterious syrens! How many a father of a family, who may have been spending a convivial evening with his friend, and is returning home, his spirits somewhat elevated, but not the least desirous to enter into any relation with this class of females—how many a father of a family is fastened on by them, and in a manner dragged to their impure abode! How many a youth of fair promise, whilst walking quietly along, is accosted by some frail Cyprian, and prevailed upon to listen to her seduction? In the former case, through how many families has the poison of an unguarded moment been circulated! in the latter, to what dangerous lengths has the frenzy of inordinate desire been carried!

All these complicated and extensive evils would be in a great measure obviated, were due ordinances issued, and those ordinances regularly enforced, prohibiting common prostitutes to exercise their disgraceful profession, and expose themselves to public sale, except in certain parts and districts of the town, to be determined upon by the proper authorities—and to which parts and districts so duly fixed upon and appointed, the exercise of their meretricious calling should be peremptorily restricted. In that case, the married man, who returns to his family, after having partaken of a cheerful glass with his friend would be placed out of the reach of temptation, and might pursue his way peaceably, and without dread of pollution. The young votary of pleasure might likewise visit places of public resort, and having satisfied his taste for rational amusement, might go to his home, without being exposed to the *importunity* of wantonness and crafty seduction. To those who coolly and with deliberate purpose rove in search of illicit enjoyment, the road for reaping short-lived pleasure at the risque of lasting pain, would still lie open. All parties would eventually gain by this plan—the unhappy priestesses of lawless love would receive their votaries at the places set apart for such contami-

nated rites by the wholesome and discriminating vigilance of the laws—their admirers would have free access to their temples, and indulge uninterruptedly in gratifications, connived at for wise purposes by the legislature, as the only safeguard against the utter subversion of domestic felicity, and the violent rupture of the sacred chain which links man to man, by all the heartfelt ties of kindred. No person, whose premeditated wish it is not to form acquaintance with the frail daughters of illicit love, would be exposed to their artful temptations, inasmuch as he would not be liable to fall into their company, and have to struggle with their dangerous lures. If he be found to wander from his direct path, if he turn aside out of the high road, to strike into the bye-paths which lead to the haunts of vice and impurity, the blame, as well as the peril of the deed, would be his own!

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#### THE REVIEWER.

*The Modern Dunciad, a Satire, with Notes, Biographical and Critical.* Wilson. 12mo. 5s. 6d.

MANY years have not elapsed since some slight portion of fancy, judgment, and spirit, were thought absolutely necessary to the *debut* of the pretenders to satire; and though grossness and ribaldry might be excused, vigour, acuteness, and the power of exciting ridicule, were considered as indispensable to moderate success. After tasting the pungency of Churchill, and relishing the attic salt of Mason, the palate of the majority of readers was no longer satisfied with the insipid effusions of a Whitehead, and a Moore. Even the vulgarity of the elder Colman was forgiven in consideration of his wit; the genius of Peter Pindar redeemed, in the opinion of the public, his blasphemies and his vulgarities; and even the friends of the first actor of the age were not unwilling to forget the sarcastic mention of Kembie's foggy-throat, in their admiration of Mr. Gifford's poetical and satirical endowments.

If we may judge, however, by the literary history of the last ten years, the genius of satire has fled to return no more, or the excellence of that art is supposed to consist in the concatenation of sonorous lines, and the profusion of unmeaning epithets. Not a single production has lately appeared calculated to invigorate the order of virtue, or to abash the effrontery of vice. The dignity of Juvenal, and the wit of Horace, have been succeeded by the namby-pamby verses of Virgil in London, and the Two-penny Post Bag : Humphrey Hedgehog usurps the tub of Diogenes ; Peter Pindar, (jun.) steals the name of the legitimate descendant of the Theban bard ; and the chair of Persius is assumed by the author of the *Modern Dunciad*.

The manufacturer of the production before us, is one of those favoured, and fortunate individuals, who possess just sufficient spirit and ambition to attempt an act of petty mischief, without the ability to accomplish it. They have all the gratification, therefore, of attempting an evil action, without incurring the punishment that might await its actual commission. The writer of the *Modern Dunciad*, for instance, would doubtless be very provoking if he could ; but luckily for him, all his exertions are ineffectual ; and we positively believe that were he to publish a volume of similar dimensions every week, he might wait till the day of doom before the most cutting satire in his book would provoke the resentment of the most irritable animal that ever preyed on the garbage of literature, or grazed on the borders of Parnassus. He might as well endeavour to tickle an elephant with a straw, as to reform or provoke even a Busby or a Bowles, by his rapid and monotonous stanzas. As far as regards the mere succession of syllables, and the accordance of rhymes, he has fallen into no glaring error, except in the two last of the poem :

“ Then at Albina’s rout complete the *yawn*,

With her blue stocking friends, and gape till morn : ”



But he never displays exuberance of fancy, originality of thought, or felicity of expression. Lord Byron's "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers," has been the model of his careful imitation, but the copy is merely a shadow of the original; and the reader, who by a resolute exercise of his patience, has at length accomplished its perusal, in vain endeavours to recal to his recollection a splendid image, a fortunate allusion, or a skilful sarcasm.

He is always easy, but rarely interesting: and his greatest merit is the harmony of his verse; his greatest fault invincible mediocrity.

The following extracts will enable the reader to form an impartial estimate of the volume:

"But high above the rest, distinguished far,  
As bard and tourist shone the mighty Carr,  
Of scribes the chief; and once upon a time,  
The undisputed lord of prose and rhyme.  
Histories he wrote, and etchings he would draw,  
Of towns and cities which he never saw.  
And travelled daily o'er much foreign land,  
(More wond'rous still) in Bridge-street, or the Strand.  
And hence arose with all his boasted care,  
Some odd mistakes, which made the reader stare:  
Thus German dames were beauteous to the sight,  
The French profoundly grave, the Dutch polite,  
The Scotch sincere, and Ireland's jovial sons,  
Too dull by half to relish jokes and puns.  
Did critics sneer at some unlucky guest,  
Sir John's own bulls were errors of the press;  
And lest upon his back the rod should fall,  
The printers' devils were to blame for all."

Considering the variety of names introduced into the poem, and the opportunities presented by the introduction of notes, of minute discussion, extended criticism, and entertaining anecdote, the barrenness and brevity of the writer before us, are peculiarly reprehensible. He dismisses Mr. Southey, and his works, in a note of eight

lines ; and mentions Mr. Ireland, of Shakespearian memory, as the author of a great number of romances. On one gentleman, however, whose early superintendence of the SCOURGE, we are not reluctant to acknowledge, he has been peculiarly liberal. His attack upon Mr. Hewson Clarke occupies no fewer than thirty-two lines of his valuable pages, and appears to have called forth all the resources of his genius. From the friendly prayer which he offers up in Mr. Clarke's behalf, we should suspect the author to be an Irishman.—

“ Oh may he late for all his sins atone,  
And while he gains their ears, *preserve his own.* ”

He evidently means “ Oh may he *soon* for all his sins atone ; ” but when the verse requires it, who would not dispense with sense and grammar ? His accusations against Mr. Clarke are, first, that “ he is pertinacious and never enough quoted.” If perseverance in well-doing be pertinacity, that gentleman will plead guilty to the charge ; his being *never enough quoted*, is the fault of such impertinent and trifling babblers as the author of the Modern Dunciad. But “ he has written in the *Satirist*, and the *Scourge*.” And have not the most eminent and most virtuous of the luminaries of English literature indulged without reproach in the composition of satirical works, and circulated their effusions through the medium of magazines ? One-fourth of the works of Pope are devoted to personal satire : the very Dunciad, which the writer before us so vainly attempts to imitate, is a series of attacks on the rogues and the blockheads of the last century : the works of Dryden and Swift, and Arbuthnot, abound in every species of composition that can be found in the pages of the SCOURGE, or ever employed the talents of Mr. Clarke. The Gentleman's Magazine was conducted for many years by Dr. Johnson, and many of the most popular periodical productions of the present age, are beneath the superintendence of the most learned and respectable individuals. Mr. Clarke, it is true,

has abandoned the pursuit of satire altogether, and in a great measure relinquished his connection with periodical literature; but this desertion, we are convinced, arises from the pressure of more serious engagements rather than from regard to the clamors of the revengeful and the unjust.

His description of Dr. Busby's arts of publication, dedication, solicitation, and recitation, is fully justified by the conduct of that singular individual, and by the impertinence of his son. That young gentleman has lately announced his intention to read before a public company, the original epistle from which he asserts the letter of Junius to the King, to be a literal extract. It would not be difficult, we are persuaded, to demonstrate that the letter itself is the original, and that the long epistle so miraculously discovered by Mr. Busby, is manufactured from the other by the addition of a few leading and concluding paragraphs. Let not Mr. Busby try the patience of the public too far. One subscription, and one folly in a season, is quite sufficient to exhaust its indulgence, were the claims of the family to literary pre-eminence as solid and legitimate as they are unfounded and fallacious. Mrs. Wilmot Serres has before this time discovered that it is much more easy to assert than to convince, and that something more than conceit, presumption, and ignorance, are requisite to the circulation of an expensive work, even though it professes to contain the life and writings of a bishop. If Mr. Busby be really acquainted with any circumstances relative to Junius, not already known to the public, why does he not fairly and openly declare them through the medium of some periodical miscellany, instead of endeavouring to pick up a few paltry half-crowns by a mysterious and partial perusal of a letter, of which he can neither trace the origin, nor prove the authenticity?

Of the author's taste and judgment as an amateur of music, and of the sister-art, some estimate may be formed from the subjoined attack on Catalani and Deshayes. If to demand as much for their exertions as they can ob-



tain, be a folly or a crime, where is the priest, the lawyer, or the legislator, that is not equally guilty with the Italian songstress, whose avarice is the theme of vulgar and unmanly declamation. The voice of Madame Catalani, we presume, is her own exclusive property, and she has a right to barter it to the best advantage. Between her and her audience there can be no interchange of personal sympathy, and she can only be guided, therefore, in her reply to the proposals of the manager, by considerations of prudence and convenience. The author of the *Dunciad* appears by his assertion that he loves the plainer language of the heart, to imply that the musical efforts of Catalani are "far-fetched songs that stretched the lab'ring throat." Yet if Madame Catalani be distinguished by any quality more peculiarly than another, it is pathos: she can astonish, but she can also delight. In "God Save the King," she would convert a jacobin into an enthusiast for royalty, and the warmest admirers of Miss Stephens would have no reason to be dissatisfied with the "Cease your funning" of her Italian predecessor, even as far as regards beauty and originality of expression. If the

"Attitude obscene 'gainst nature's plan,  
Which more bespeaks the monkey than the man,"

be intended as characteristic of Deshayes, it is a malignant and ignorant calumny. The attitudes and gestures of Deshayes were distinguished by the utmost chastity of manner: every movement was graceful, easy, or dignified; his influence, upon the imagination, through the medium of the eye, was not less pure, enchanting, and exalted, than that of the finest models of Grecian sculpture; and the spectator, who could have abstracted his attention from the scene, to brood over an impure idea, or even to cast a glance on the surrounding figurantes except as they were connected with the principal groupe, should have sought for pleasure within the purlieus of Wellclose-square.

"You blame my taste if careless midst the roar,  
When noble critics hiccup out "*Encore*,"  
As Catalani, charming queen of sounds,  
Sings a bravura for a hundred pounds.

Or blythe Deshayes all life and spirit swims,  
 Through the gay dance, and twirls his pliant limbs.  
 Formed in a coarser mould, untaught by art,  
 I love the plainer language of the heart ;  
 No *far-fetched* song that strains the lab'ring throat,  
 No squeaking eunuch's soft Italian note,  
 No attitude obscene 'gainst nature's plan,  
 Which more bespeaks the monkey than the man."

The preceding verses present a fair, but not unequalled specimen of the manner in which genius, taste, and merit, may be wantonly vilified and traduced by ignorance and malignity. Either the author of the *Modern Dunciad* has not heard Catalani, or seen Deshayes, or he is utterly incompetent to deliver an opinion on music or dancing. Yet it is of critics, such as these, that transcendent excellence is sometimes condemned to conciliate the favor, and adopt the suggestions ; and if any proof were required of the utility of a periodical publication, conducted on the principles of the *SCOURGE*, it would be the obvious necessity of some impartial and fearless literary tribunal, to which offended excellence and insulted virtue may appeal.

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ORIGINAL CHARACTERISTIC ANECDOTES  
 OF  
*PRINCE FIELD-MARSHAL BLUCHER.*

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THE brilliant and astonishing events, which have illustrated beyond all former precedent the history of the last campaign against the common destroyer of Europe, have rendered the name of the gallant hero of *Mont-martr* familiar to every ear. But the anecdotes which are related of the great Blucher in this country are chiefly confined to his latter exploits ; the achievements which distinguished the more early part of his glorious career are not so generally known. The following characteristic *traits* of this truly brave man are communicated by a Prussian

officer, who had the honour of serving under the command of Blucher, when he was colonel of the hussar regiment, which afterwards bore his name, in the years 1793 and 1794. There is every reason to suppose, that they have never appeared in print in England.

"In 1793 Blucher, it is well known, formed part of the *corps d'armee* commanded by the Duke of Brunswick. On a reconnoitering excursion in the vicinity of Lille in Flanders, he unexpectedly fell in with a detachment of French cavalry, who advanced towards him at full gallop, at the same time, that a party of French infantry made dispositions to cut him off from the *chaussée*, or high road. Blucher, in an instant, perceived the perilous predicament in which he stood; but the case was desperate; there was not a moment to be lost. He pushed forward with his followers at full speed, attacked the infantry, who attempted to block up his passage with the most determined fury, cut the major part in pieces, and compelled the rest to a precipitate flight.

"In the mean time the detachment of French cavalry, greatly superior to his own troops in number, had nearly come up with him. Blucher and his party were under the necessity of retreating, and had no other hopes of safety but the confidence of being better mounted than their enemies, who pressed close at their heels. During the pursuit a French officer appeared to single out Blucher with peculiar avidity, and galloping with greater impetuosity than the rest, gained ground upon him. Blucher faced about, and in his turn rode furiously towards the French officer. It was already dusk, when they came to blows. The Frenchman paid for his temerity with his life, and 'his horse (observed Blucher some considerable time after this event,) stands at present in my stable.'

"In 1794 Blucher made an attack on a body of French troops in garrison in a small town in the Netherlands. He was accompanied in this enterprize by Count von Hohenzollern, colonel in the service of the Emperor of



Austria. The Count gave instructions to his *Chef d'Escadron*, who commanded the detachment of Imperial curassiers, employed to second Blucher's operations, to follow precisely the orders of the latter, inasmuch as he himself, the Count, only acted the part of spectator. The attack had scarcely commenced, when Blucher's horse was shot under him—the gallant Count von Hohenzollern immediately insisted on his accepting his own charger, and himself assisted him to mount. On Blucher's making some difficulties to accept his polite offer—'Blucher! (said the Count) I do not *command* on this occasion, but I wish to *co-operate* with you. I am in every other respect a mere *spectator*; but you must so far allow me to assume the right of giving orders, as to insist upon your taking my horse.'—The Count was helped to another horse by one of his *aides-de-camp*."

"The Duke of Brunswick confided to Blucher the execution of a very important reconnoitering operation on the Bleiss. The gallant Colonel, who wished to execute his commission to its utmost possible extent, pushed forward as far as the town of Deux-ponts, which he ordered fifty hussars to enter at full gallop. A detachment of French troops were posted in the town, but left it precipitately the moment they were informed of the approach of the enemy. Blucher found on his entrance into Deux-ponts all the wine-cellars, with their contents, sequestered as the property of France, and sealed with the arms of the French republic. The citizens, though greatly rejoiced at the departure of the French from their town, still however were fearful of profiting of this event by tearing off the French seal from the doors of their cellars, and taking possession of their confiscated property. Blucher, who easily perceived the motives of their timidity, and that they were apprehensive of being severely punished by the French, in case of their re-occupation of Deux-ponts, sent his *aid-de-camp* with a competent number of men round the town, and caused every cellar to be forced open by his own people.

Hereupon he sent for the mayor, and ordered him to instruct the inhabitants to inform the French, should they return, that he had himself confiscated all the wine for the use of his own troops. This stratagem immediately produced the desired effect. The delighted inhabitants carried off their wine to a place of security and concealment, and Blucher, to afford them time to accomplish this measure, continued to occupy Deux-ponts a considerable part of the day, which he employed in harassing attacks on the enemy's fore-posts on the other side of the town."

"Not far from *Salzbach*, Blucher fell in with an advanced part of the French. He rode up to the enemy in full gallop, accompanied only by a subaltern officer, charged three men, one of whom was killed on the spot, the other two laid down their arms, and were made prisoners."

"At the affair of *Neustadt* in 1794, where Blucher with his *corps* acquired so much renown, by the extirpation of a whole column of the enemy's infantry, among the prisoners was a French soldier, who had his thigh broke by a kick from a horse that passed over his body. It was already night, when he was carried off from the spot where he lay, and placed on a bundle of straw near a fire, till such time as he could be better taken care of. Blucher ordered wine with some refreshment to be served up to him. But the wounded prisoner not only refused to partake of any nourishment, but even rejected the efforts made to bind up his thigh, calling vehemently upon the bye-standers to put an end to his misery by shooting him through the head. The Prussian soldiers were irritated at the pertinacity with which he rejected their well-meant offers. Some of them exclaimed with impatience—'*that's a proper obstinate, head-strong French dog!*'—Blucher, who was standing at no great distance from the spot, in earnest conversation with Lieutenant-Colonel *Muffling*—heard the observations made by his hussars—he was struck with the circumstance, and drew near to the unhappy sufferer. The latter, finding all his

intreaties to be dispatched ineffectual and of no avail, had sunk into a kind of melancholy despondency, and appeared totally indifferent to every thing that passed around him. It was a bitter cold night. Blucher ordered some great coats and blankets to be brought, with the view of protecting the poor wounded prisoner from the inclemency of the weather. At this command the prisoner raised his languishing eye, which he fixed with scrutinizing gaze upon Blucher. But in an instant he turned his looks aside, bent them on the ground, and relapsed into his former apathy and stupor. Blucher, being little versed in the French language, desired his *aide-de-camp*, Count von Goltz, to remonstrate with the prisoner, and represent to him the necessity of suffering his thigh to be bound, as likewise of taking some little refreshment in order to strengthen him. The prisoner preserved an obstinate silence. Blucher again begged Goltz to endeavour to prevail upon the Frenchman to act with more fortitude and reason. He observed to him, through the interpretation of his *aide-de-camp*, that he  
' had ever considered that person to be a weak man, and  
' unworthy to bear the name of soldier, who could not  
' support his destiny ; that despair and sullen indifference  
' were the infallible tokens of a little and despicable soul.  
' For the rest (added Blucher,) you have no cause for de-  
' spondency : your wounds admit of cure ; and though the  
' fortune of war has made you our prisoner, you are never-  
' theless in the hands of men, of human beings like your-  
' self. As far as I can alleviate your sufferings, be assured  
' you shall want for nothing.'

"At these words, the wounded prisoner again raised his downcast eyes, which he directed with eager curiosity on Blucher—a flood of tears burst forth. Blucher, with his accustomed affability, took the poor man by the hand, which he affectionately squeezed. Now was the triumph over obstinacy and a sullen desire to die, completely gained. The surgeon made his appearance—the prisoner's thigh was set and bound, as well as ex-



isting circumstances would permit—hereupon he was placed upon a mattrass.

Struck with the sudden change in his manners, Blucher requested to know the cause of his former obstinacy. The following is the prisoner's reply : 'I was forced in-  
'to the service of the republic—my father perished  
'under the axe of the guillotine—my mother died of a  
'broken heart—my brother lost his life in battle—I was  
'compelled to march ; my wife and child, from whose  
'embraces I was torn, are at this moment suffering all  
'the horrors of want and starvation. Thus circumstanced  
'and wounded as I am, life for me had lost all its charms.  
'I hailed the approach of death, as my happy release from  
'misery. But your persevering goodness has touched my  
'heart, and awakened me to better sentiments. I am now  
'resolved to bear up against fate, and to leave my future  
'destiny to the disposal of an All-wise Creator."

"All present were deeply affected at this mournful recital. Blucher in particular, was highly delighted to see his hussars, who but a few moments before had branded the unfortunate prisoner with the appellation of "*Obstinate French Dog*," now vie with each other in commiserating his sufferings—he left him with orders to take the greatest care of him, and the following day caused him to be removed to the adjacent village of *Weidenthal*, where he gave strict injunctions to the mayor to see to it himself, that nothing might be wanting, which might promote the prisoner's cure, and contribute to his comfort and relief. Such *traits* as these do honour to the profession of arms, and cast a transient gleam of radiance over the horrors, inseparable from a state of active warfare! horrors, which happily are *known only by report* to the inhabitants of this country !

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#### ANECDOTES.

The great Frederick of Prussia, it is well known, was not very nice with respect to dress. His waistcoat and breeches were generally covered, and literally begrimed with snuff. His coat was old and threadbare ; but the most remarkable part of

his attire was his hat, which had in a great measure lost its original shape and colour. One day, as he was entering his palace at Potsdam, after having reviewed his troops, one of the guards, noticing his negligent appearance, accosted his companion with the following question: "Pray, comrade, did you observe what a slovenly hat our *Fritz* (the appellation by which the king was generally known by his troops,) wore to-day?" "Aye, marry! did I," replied the other, "but did you take notice *what a head* he wears under that hat?"

The notorious Vandamme, whose cruelties rendered his name detested throughout all Europe, at the time he was charged with the *haute police* of the northern departments, declared to be in a state of insurrection by Bonaparte, was made a prisoner by the Russians, at the battle of Silesia. He was sent to Moscow, where he endeavoured to intrigue, and actually so far imposed upon the good-nature of many of the principal nobility, that he was peculiarly noticed and honoured. He received frequent invitations from several of the first families, and even balls were given in compliment to the captive French general. Information of this was sent to the Emperor Alexander, who was so incensed at the attentions paid to a ruffian, who had stained his hands, among other numerous victims, with the blood of two of the relations of the Empress, of the house of Oldenburgh, that he caused a very severe reprimand to be given to the Governor of Moscow, Rostepchin, for suffering such practices, accompanied with strict orders to send Vandamme immediately away from Moscow to a very remote part of the Russian empire. The late events, however, have set this monster once more at liberty. He is now returned to France, where, if he met with his deserts, he would pay the forfeit of his crimes by the hands of the public executioner. Some idea may be formed of the sanguinary character of this butcher, from the speech which he addressed to the magistrates of *Furnes*, on his entering that town, at the commencement of the revolution—" *Je vous apporte, (said the cruel wretch) la mort, et la famine ;*" (I bring you death and famine.) " *Rien que cela, mon General ?*" (Is that all, General ?) interrupted Mons. von L——, one of the common-council of that town. Vandamme, at the breaking out of the revolution, was a journeyman brewer at Antwerp.

*SIR ELDRED:*

## A GOTHIC FRAGMENT.

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" I have supped full of horrors."

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" HARK, how fearfully the storm rages, and the wind howls! The moon, pale with affright, has withdrawn her beams, and not a star peeps forth to cheer the dreadful gloom! Poor wanderer! Whither canst thou go? Thou art homeless amidst a thousand homes! No kindly roof presents itself to shelter thee from the merciless elements! No blazing fire burns to give thee warmth! No tender wife, or kin, or parent, awaits thy coming with smiles of joy that might compensate all thy sufferings! Forlorn and hapless fugitive—curse thy being, and perish!"

Such were the words uttered by Sir Eldred as he entered upon the gloomy borders of a boundless heath that stretched in melancholy solitude before him, while the heavens poured down a deluge, and every warring wind seemed to be sent forth, as it were, to ravage this globe. It was a scene that might have appalled the stoutest heart that ever bade defiance to mysterious terror; and Sir Eldred, whose woes had enervated the energies of his nature, would have sunk beneath the conflict, but that he dreaded for the fate of others; and when the thought of what they would suffer came across his mind, the reflection roused him from his fatal torpor into which the contemplation of his own miseries had plunged him. He therefore wrapped his horseman's cloak around him, and spurring his steed, rushed across the heath.

He had not travelled far when loud and dismal screams arose upon the gale, and filled his soul with horror. He stopped—he listened—in the intervals of the storm he heard them distinctly—they were the shrieks of agony—as of one in jeopardy. The blood curdled in his veins—a prophetic terror seized him—"Gracious God!" he exclaimed, "the deed of murder is doing—Hark! how the yells of the murdered pierce the wild tumults of the storm, and mingle with the horrid dissonance! Again!



Vain talker! Why do you listen to the bloody work your presence may prevent perhaps? Guide me, just Heaven, to the fatal spot, and nerve my arm with vigour that may strike the assassin dead!"

He gave the rein to his horse, followed in the direction of the sound, and in a few minutes beheld a dim light twinkling at a distance. "There," said he to himself, "is the scene of this foul tragedy—still the poor wretches scream for mercy, and still the relentless murderer urges his bloody purpose. I fly to save, or to avenge;" and he drew his sabre forth. When he reached the spot whence the light issued, he could just discern a rude, ill-shapen dwelling, which stood alone on the rugged plain. A deep fosse or ditch divided it from the road. Sir Eldred alighted, and tied his horse to a tree. The cries were heard no more; all was silence save the roaring of the storm, and the hoarse voices of the murderers. "I am too late," said Sir Eldred, "to save the wretched victim—perhaps victims—of midnight assassination—their struggle is past—their sufferings are over—their souls now are in the mansions of eternal bliss." As he uttered these words he sprang across the ditch, and approached towards the house.

He paused—he listened—'twas a dreadful silence, for it solemnly proclaimed the completion of the accursed act. His blood ran coldly through his veins—his knees smote each other—his breathing was short—and his eyes strained from their sockets in search of the dreadful scene he every moment expected to encounter. Still he went forward, and opening a wicker gate he found himself in a small court-yard, at the end of which appeared a door half open. The light and voices within told him that was the theatre where the damning deed had been perpetrated. He advanced with cautious resolution, and looking through a crevice of the portal, he beheld three men of grim and savage aspect, whose arms were bare to their elbows, and reeking with gore. One of them held a knife in his hands from which the warm blood yet

dripped, while another, looking fiercely on the scarlet witnesses of his guilt, exclaimed with a horrid laugh, "Who would have thought she had so much blood in her?"

At these words Sir Eldred shuddered, and his imagination pictured to itself in colours vivid as reality, the mangled form of some beauteous damsel, whom those ruffians perhaps had way-laid, and having first violated, then murdered, that no tale might tell their impious guilt. In fancy he beheld the lovely suppliant, with outstretched arms, and looks that might have pleaded, not in vain, for mercy to a demon; he beheld the tears of unutterable anguish roll down her pallid cheek; her wild amazement, her ineffectual struggle; while, as she submitted to the fate she could not shun, he heard the holy curses breathed with her parting sigh, and the hellish laugh of the pitiless savages that doomed her to destruction. This horrible, this appalling scene, his creative mind pictured in such glowing hues, that, goaded by the momentary belief, and fancying he then beheld all that his visionary brain had conjured up, he burst in upon the assassins, and aiming a furious blow at the one nearest to him, would have felled him to the earth, had he not nimbly eluded his descending sword.

They all drew back aghast! Sir Eldred, in a tone of mingled rage, horror, and revenge, exclaimed, "Devils! for men I will not call you, what dark and bloody deed have ye committed? What hapless virgin have ye destroyed? And where have ye concealed the bleeding victim of your murderous lust? Nay—start not—I heard the dismal shrieks of the slaughtered as they echoed fearfully across the waste."

"Slaughtered," said one of the direful crew—"Aye, true enough, master—We have been slaughtering; but what have you to do with it?"

"To avenge the dead, and punish the living," replied Sir Eldred.

"For the living," rejoined the assassin, "you may find some work, perhaps, if you are inclined that way—and as for the dead—there she is, if you want to know about her."

"She!" uttered Sir Eldred, as he slowly turned his eyes towards the corner where the ruffian pointed, prepared to meet a sight of dreadful horror; "who is—or rather—who was she?"

"Old Bess," was the answer.

"Old Bess!" reiterated Sir Eldred.

"Aye, Old Bess—master's five-year old Sow—to-morrow's market-day d'y'see; so —"

"Oh!" groaned forth Sir Eldred, as he beheld poor Bess, and fell senseless on the ground!—

\* \* \* \* *Cætera desunt.*

#### EPITAPH ON A PRINTER.

Within a small *space* of this *stone*,  
Tumbling into *pie*,  
Lies the once-animated *matter*  
of

*Typographer* ;

In the humble hope, at the *publication* of the last *trump*,  
However *distributed* by the hand of *Time*,  
Of being again *set up* in a more beautiful *form*,  
(*Truly justified*,)

As an elegant *specimen* of a new and embellished  
*edition* of the *works* of his *Author*.

*Epitaph on a Monument to the Memory of a Sir John Keeling  
in (I believe) Ormskirk Church-yard; he is represented on his  
Back with his Wife in a kneeling Posture at his Feet—below  
are the following Lines :*

Here lies Sir John Keeling,  
At his feet his wife a kneeling ;  
When both were alive, and had their feeling,  
She was lying, and he was kneeling.



THE LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF COLIN M'LOON;

OR,

NEWSPAPER EDITORS.

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" I am set here like a perdue  
To watch a fellow—a scurvy fellow,  
But what this scurvy fellow is, or whence,  
Or whether his name be William, or John,  
Or Anthony, or Dick, or any thing, I know not,  
A scurvy rascally-fellow I must aim at."

*Beaumont and Fletcher's Little French Lawyer.*

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SIR,

THE long interval that has elapsed since my last communication has, I dare say, been perfectly intelligible to you, when you recollect how my preceding letter concluded. I told you, Sir, and I told you with an aching heart, that my land-lady, (all ills befall me for so miscalling her,) had taken forcible possession of my room, and when I was about to try the efficacy of an ejection, she clattered such arguments upon my head through the medium of a tin saucepan, which she held in her hand, that I never was so convinced by woman in my life before. I can assure you, Sir, she raised several objections in my head, which I no sooner became sensible of, than I retreated behind a bedstead, the proper medium of reconciliation between the two sexes; but, as is no uncommon thing, she got astride upon the bed, and all I could do would not satisfy her. I tried all reasonable methods, and when I found she was determined to have what I had not got to give, I submitted to my poor bankrupt condition, and listened with exemplary patience to her alternate revilings and exhortations. The former I endured most heroically, for as a man with one leg need never be ashamed if he is reproached for not running, so he who has no money to pay should feel no indignation at running a score. Her exhortations were not quite so agreeable, because they turned upon a question which we viewed in quite a different light. Mrs. Gorbelly Trundlehips, (that was

my landlady's name,) urged me with the most winning and persuasive eloquence to quit her apartments, adding, with a degree of sublime generosity, which sensibly affected me, that she would make me a present of what I owed her. But I had two objections to this scheme. In the first place, I knew if I left her room, I should have no room for a bed next night, as I might not perhaps find another Christian soul ready "to take me in," because I was hungry and homeless; and in the second place I felt some scruples of delicacy and honor. There is a pleasure in requiting good offices; and I calculated that if I staid with Mrs. Gorbelly Trundlehips a few weeks longer, I should certainly get an engagement upon some of the papers, and then I should be able to pay her, and she would have more to receive than if I had gone away at her bidding; while, on the other hand, I was too proud to lay myself under fresh obligations to strangers, which I must have done, gone where I would. From these combined motives I very calmly made up my mind to stay where I was, and quietly informed Mrs. Gorbelly Trundlehips that I would never desert her because I was in distress.

"Distress!" exclaimed the virago, turning up her snout like a pig under an apple tree, while she popped the saucepan between her knees, and placing her arms a kimbo, glared upon me like a famished tigress, "marry, come up with your bumfiddle and nonsense; I fancy I know what your gab is gaping at, but mayhap you'll suck long enough before the milk comes—you haven't as many pence in your pocket as you have hungry bellies in your head I trow—for even a louse starves upon a Scotchman. I'll tell you what, you lank-jawed bastard of a highland bagpiper—you shall either pay me or turn out—aye—look at your breeches, they are the first pair I warrant that were ever worn in your family—but there's nothing in them that will satisfy me, I dare say—you know you have not paid me a farthing since you came here, and that's three weeks come Sunday next—and how am I to pay my rent, if I am to stand bilk with such starvelings

as you?" I listened to this harangue in silent humility; but when the brawny Amazon, stooping down, again clenched her culinary weapon, I thought it time to guard against a repetition of those arguments which had already left such strong marks upon me. I started up therefore, and seizing hold of a huge copper warming-pan that hung against the wall, I brandished it with an air of defiance: but to my utter astonishment I beheld, in a moment, a shower descend on the face of my antagonist which I little expected. It seems that my predecessor in the apartment had employed this utensil as a receptacle for a certain treasure in one of those emergencies which are apt to occur from too plentiful libations of sour small beer; and having deposited the sacred offering of Cloacina, had left it there, like the snuff of a candle, to stink and perish. I unconscious of this hidden relic, in twirling the warming-pan over the head of Mrs. Gorbelly Trundlehips, showered it upon her face, which so enraged her, that she hurled her saucepan at me in return, with a volley of abuse which I dare not repeat. The missile weapon struck me over the right eye, and the pain produced by the concussion was so exquisite that I rushed from my corner in pursuit of Mrs. Gorbelly Trundlehips, who by this time had reached the door, and was hastening down stairs to wash off the shining honors from her face, when I levelled such a blow with my warming-pan at her ladyship's warming-pan, that her heels flew up, and scorning to touch the stairs, she alighted on the first landing-place with her seat of honor where her feet should be. The fat rotundity of that peculiar part saved her from any fracture happily; and she had only to complain of a contusion *à posteriori* for my *à priori* one. Thus logically, Sir, did we bring our discourse to a conclusion.

Just at the very moment when Mrs. Gorbelly Trundlehips had seated herself at the bottom of the stairs, my friend Slabber arrived, and looked aghast at the spectacle he beheld. There was Mrs. Gorbelly, her lovely features bedewed with the rich stream of her last lodger's bequest,



*70 Desperate fray between a Scotch lodger and his landlady.*

squat upon her haunches as if she was playing at "hunt the slipper," while the reeking glories that hung about her, scented the air with a perfume that no Scotchman is a stranger to, and which Slabber sniffed up with singular delight; and I stood at the top with my warming-pan across my shoulder, like a halberd, pointing to the gash across my eye, in return for the foul abuse she was lavishing on me for having quickened her descent down stairs. The pencil of a Hogarth, could he have viewed the scene, would have been too feeble to pourtray it; so far does nature surpass art. At length Slabber addressed himself to me, and enquiring the reason of what he saw, asked me whether I had just come from St. Luke's, or was going to it? To which Mrs. Gorbelly Trundlehips replied, who by this time had recovered her legs, "that if there was law in the land I should go to St. Bridewell," and away she hurried.

Slabber now ascended, and entered my room, whither I had retired, and shutting the door he intreated an explanation of what he had beheld; but before we could proceed to conversation, it was necessary to place my late hostile weapon, whose contents I had so unwillingly exposed, outside the room. I then told him the case exactly as it had arisen, and appealed to the protuberances on my head, as well as the incision over my right eye, to prove that I had some reasons for my attack. Having heard me, he shook his head, like an empty bottle, to see if there was any thing in it, and then said that he was afraid Mrs. Gorbelly Trundlehips would have good grounds for an action of assault and battery, but he hoped it would not come to that. In this hope I cordially concurred, but at the same time declared my determination not to let any man, woman, or child, batter me at pleasure without retaliating. "To be sure," added Slabber, smiling, "I must confess your attack was perfectly national, if I may judge from what I perceived on your adversary's face, and I suppose, in expectation of hostilities you had been wisely laying up a proper store

of ammunition." But I protested against any knowledge of what the warming-pan contained, and above all disclaimed that I had provided the means of attack. "Well," rejoined Slabber, "it will not be politic to despise the wrath even of this fag-end of a woman; and therefore I'll even try what I can do towards laying, at least, the preliminary basis of a treaty of peace. Let me see—you owe her three weeks' rent—that is six and ninepence—and then some sort of *douceur* must be paid, I suppose, for the indignity you have offered her." *Douceur!*" I exclaimed, "the deuce take me if I pay her one farthing for her indignities, till she pays me for my cracked eye and belaboured crown: why zounds, she began first, and has made my head as knotty as an aged oak, with her d—d saucepan." What you say is very true, my friend," said Slabber, with inimitable coolness, "but there is something due to the weaker sex—a gallantry—a chivalrous spirit of refinement, which ought never to be forgotten." "The weaker sex, you call her," I replied; "I wish I had experienced some proofs of her weakness: however, to cut the matter short, I *will* not pay her a *douceur*, and I *cannot* pay her her rent."—"Odso, is your exchequer so empty as that?" answered Slabber,—"I don't know what's to be done—how much may you have towards it?" "Not a placket—not a bawbee—as God is my judge;"—"He may be your judge," replied Slabber, "but with such an argument I defy you to have counsel. This is really an awkward dilemma—you must quit this room *nolens volens*; for if you stay in it you starve; and if you quit it to seek for food, depend upon it your return will be barred. I would befriend you with my purse if I could—but the devil a friend have I in it—and this is one of those cases in which, taking the will for the deed, will not do indeed; stop—I have it—a glorious thought—I will go down stairs, and keep the harridan in conversation, proposing terms of capitulation, &c. while you may seize the opportunity—slily descend—and bolt—you understand me—there is nothing to pre-

vent you—you are so much of a philosopher that you disdain superfluities, and carry your whole estate upon your back—away then—and let me tell you, there is nothing in this of which you need be ashamed—you are not the first man who has run away from a garret and starvation.”

I listened to this proposal with some degree of complacency I own, and only asked, in reply, “whither shall I go?”—“To my lodgings—and there wait for me—hush! promptitude in action is necessary to secure a prosperous retreat to a brilliant conception—I’ll proceed to the head-quarters of the enemy—you make a reconnoissance of the out-posts—seize your time well—and leave the rest to me.” At these words he quitted the room, and descended with much solemnity—I suppose Lord Castlereagh himself scarcely assumes more when he bows to Talleyrand. I listened to the departing echo of his footsteps, till I heard him shut the parlour-door with vehemence, which I construed as a sort of signal for me to commence my operations. I accordingly put on my hat, and treading as lightly as Vestris himself, I reached the passage in safety, when, just as I was passing the room where the congress was assembled, I heard Mrs. Gorbelly Trundlehips vociferate, with an oath which I dare not repeat—“pay me he shall before he quits the house.”—“You lie,” said I, in a whisper, and with one stride I enfranchised the threshold. I felt a pang, a short one—at quitting the friendly habitation—but I cast neither “a longing nor a lingering look,” behind, for I hastened with all speed to my friend Slabber’s lodgings, where I awaited his arrival with considerable anxiety by what device he would escape from her clutches, when she found that her prey was gone.

I did not tarry long. He soon followed me—and the contented chuckle with which he uttered “So much for Trundlehips,” as he entered, was to me a strong confirmation that every thing had succeeded. I very naturally however, inquired how he had acted. “When I presented myself



before the enraged beldam," said he, "she looked at me as if she could breathe a pestilence around and fold me in its sure destruction. I delivered my credentials, and begun to stipulate for a basis. She listened with exquisite contempt, and when I had done, she merely ejaculated the simple, but affecting exclamation, "Blarney!" I renewed my intercessions, told her how sorry you were for what had happened—that the contents of the warming-pan did not belong to you, though you had made free with other people's property, and given them to her—that you were willing to make her any apology, and would pay her what she demanded for rent, if she would allow you to depart unmolested. At these words, her fury redoubled itself. "Rent!" she exclaimed, "and does your beggarly friend think that I will be contented with my rent only—no—I'll have satisfaction for the insult—and as to quitting the house, by G-d, he shall not budge till I am paid all I demand—no, the dirty, stinking blackguard—I'll teach him to fling his reverence in a lady's face who civilly asked for her own." "Oh! I rejoined, then it was your own reverence you wanted instead of his—but methinks you might have supplied yourself with that article!" She did not comprehend that retort, but contented herself with adding that she wanted no more "palaver." By this time I concluded you had retired, and I therefore added, with seeming unconcern, that she had better go up, and inform you of her resolution. "That I will, and something to boot," said she, "for I'll have my revenge of him yet; he shall not play his nasty tricks with me for nothing I warrant." With these words she flounced out of the parlour, and proceeded up stairs, growling all the way like an angry cur with a bone in his mouth. I listened, that I might know my cue in good time; and when I heard her exclaim, as she entered your garret, "the scab has run away," I thought it good time to run too; so without waiting for her return, I marched off with flying colours, and left the foe in quiet possession of the field."

As he concluded this narration he burst forth into a hearty laugh, and as I thought it no more than politeness to laugh also, I expanded my month to a most impressive grin, but the wrinkling of my face produced such intolerable pain, in my wounded eye, that though I began with ha! ha! I soon ended with oh! oh!

Such, Mr. Editor, was the termination of this adventure, and I thought it of too much importance in the life

of a man like myself, to be passed over without being recorded. The episode has been somewhat long I admit; but I hope it will not be uninteresting to such of my countrymen as may happen to find themselves similarly situated.

My introduction to a certain clerical baronet, and the manœuvres of Slabber, I must reserve for another communication, and remain, Sir, yours, &c.

COLIN M'LOON.

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## THEATRICAL REVIEW.

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### COVENT-GARDEN.

The chief attractions of the present month at this theatre have been Miss O'Neil, and Mr. Kemble. They played alternate nights, and their successive efforts provided an ample treat.

*Wednesday, Dec. 7.—Venice Preserved—King and the Duke—or Which is Which? (first time.)* This last and greatest dramatic production of the ill-fated Otway, has always been selected by those female performers whose talents have been supposed chiefly to consist in the power of moving the passions. Mrs. Cibber, Mrs. Yates, Mrs. Crawford, and Mrs. Siddons were all distinguished by their performance of the character of *Belvidera*, and each possessed some peculiar excellence in her delineation. It is, however, one of those characters in which the poet has done so much for the actress, that the actress has but little scope for illustrating the poet. The language, the sentiments, and the conduct of *Belvidera*, are all marked by such strong and distinct colouring, that even in the closet, and unaided by scenic illusion, and by theatrical recitation, no one can peruse them without violent emotion. Passionate and endearing fondness, feminine sensibility, conjugal fidelity, and filial affection, compose this fascinating character; and all those qualities are embodied in words so glowing, so poetical, so harmonious, and displayed under circumstances so natural, so impressive, and so trying, that the heart of the spectator throbs with incessant sympathy, and the laws of criticism are almost suspended by those of nature. But this effect is produced by *Belvidera* alone, for the other characters of the drama excite contempt and indignation rather than pity. Jaffier is a whining villain, who deserves the ignomy he finds; and Pierre, though not without some of the rough manly virtues of a soldier, is debased by practising on the misfortunes of his friend, and by associating with ignoble plotters for an ignoble purpose.

With regard to the performance of Miss O'Neill, we have no hesitation in pronouncing it to be far superior to any thing which the stage has exhibited since the time of Mrs. Siddons.

This is great praise, but it does not infer perfection ; nor is Miss O'Neill perfect. So sanguine are our hopes, however, that we believe she wants nothing which increased study and progressive improvement will not give her. Her greatest defect at present is, a rapid and fluent enunciation, which looks so much like mere recitation, that the illusion of the scene is destroyed. The great art of acting is to deliver a part in such a way that the effort of memory, by which it is retained, shall be wholly concealed, and the performer shall appear to utter what the character might be supposed to say, rather than what the poet had set down. Now this impression never can be produced when the delivery is so quick and unpremeditated that the simultaneous operation of the mind never seems to accompany the eliciting of the thoughts. In this delicate distinction, however, consists all the difference between a finished and inferior performer ; and in this, we think, Miss O'Neill decidedly deficient. But in pathos—in reaching the heart—in thrilling the bosom—in calling forth tears and sighs—she triumphs without a rival. Here is her undisputed dominion, and we are inclined to think that beyond this she will make but few durable accessions of territory. Into the region of terror and dismay—where supernatural energies are to be called forth—where the grand and sublime features of the human character are to be exhibited—where a gloomy, solemn, abstracted, and almost unearthly majesty is to be assumed—there, we apprehend, Miss O'Neill would shine with diminished lustre. Nature seems to have disqualified her for such characters as much as she has profusely adorned her for those of an opposite description. Her tender elegance of countenance, her soft melodious tones, her fair complexion, and her mild, unassuming cast of features, pre-eminently fit her for a Juliet, an Isabella, a Mrs. Beverly, and a Belvidera, but would hardly correspond with a Lady Macbeth, or a Constance. We were peculiarly sensible of this deficiency, even in her performance of Belvidera, for she was far from adequately expressing the bitter contempt and abhorrence that were required when she upbraids Jaffier with the sort of ruffians with whom he was associating, and to whom she was delivered as a hostage. Neither did she succeed in the celebrated admonition, “Remember twelve !” Instead of the mingled tone of love, distrust, and hope, with which Mrs. Siddons used to utter those words, Miss O’N. delivers them simply as if she were recalling to Jaffier the promise he had made. In the interrogatory too that precedes it, the emphatic “Indeed ?” when Jaffier assures her that he will come at the appointed hour, she uttered it with a sort of sarcastic tone of suspicion, instead of that tender and persuasive accent in which it ought to be delivered. These, however, are but trifling defects compared to her overwhelming excellencies, and we mention them only because we wish her to be, what we are sure she can be, perfect. We have not room to expatiate upon the various touches of



nature which she every where threw in, but when we say that in those scenes which are purely pathetic, she scarcely fell beneath what Mrs. Siddons was, what eulogy can go higher?

The other parts were well sustained. Young played Pierre with great animation and vigor. Conway, in Jaffier, whined and sighed with but little elegance, or fascination of manner; yet he was respectable upon the whole. If he could once persuade himself that the side-boxes do not contain ALL the sense of the house, he would, perhaps, improve.

Of the *King and the Duke*, which was performed for the first time this evening, it is enough to say, that it may be seen without weariness by those who can sit out a play and farce. It has nothing to recommend it except some good acting by Simmons, Terry, and Jones.

*Thursday, Dec. 8.—King John.—King and the Duke.* This play sustains a heavy loss in the absence of Mrs. Siddons, whose performance of Constance was among the happiest efforts of her wonderful powers. Mrs. Faucit played the character this evening, but she was alike destitute of dignity and feeling. Dignity is not expressed by merely tossing the head, curving the lip, and walking with stateliness; nor is feeling portrayed by exclamatory vehemence alone. Kemble, in John, captivated us with his usual excellence. The stage can boast no acting finer than his scene with Hubert. As for Conway in Faulconbridge, he transformed the part into an absolute buffoon—a mountebank. He roared—he pranced—he slapped his thigh—his face—and exhibited as many contortions as a posture-master; all of which the galleries applauded with unbounded delight. Will this actor never learn to manage his body with grace? To substitute unnatural and forced gesture for calm and gentle action?

*Friday, Dec. 9.—Isabella.—King and the Duke.* Miss O'Neill's performance of Isabella has many characteristics in it which please us more than even Mrs. Siddons did. When urged to marriage by Villeroy, she is sufficiently cold, insensible, and reluctant, but she is not so austere repulsive, as Mrs. Siddons used to be, who assumed such a chilling and haughty demeanor, that the perseverance of Villeroy seemed more like folly than love, for there was nothing on which to build even hope. Now Miss O'Neill denies, rejects, withholds, in a manner that shews her heart is with her buried husband, but that still no absolute abhorrence of a second marriage, as a matter of personal convenience, existing in her mind. In all the pathetic scenes, she was eminently successful; but when Villeroy returns, when unimaginable horrors are supposed to possess her soul, when reason staggers under the magnitude of her sufferings, when with a frenzied hand she is about to murder the husband she so adored, there, we reluctantly confess, we found something to wish for. In the last scene, however, she was very fine; and in nothing more than that convulsive,

suffocating kind of sob with which she sinks down and expires, as if nature had really yielded to the struggle. Young played Biron but coldly ; while Abbot, in Carlos, seemed to think that villainy was best portrayed by cunning looks and hideous grins. Nothing could be more ludicrous than his heavy march off the stage after his detection. Each step was like that of a bantam cock who is exerting his utmost sagacity in endeavouring to cross a gutter without wetting his toes.

*Wednesday, Dec. 14—Gamester—King and the Duke.* Miss O'Neill made her first appearance this evening in the character of *Mrs. Beverly*, a character so admirably suited to her talents, that we were truly delighted with her performance of it. The mild, the gentle, the unsuspecting, the fond and credulous wife was finely exhibited ; and it afforded her an opportunity of shewing another talent which she possesses, we mean the power of sustaining the calm and easy dialogue of domestic scenes with grace and elegance. That settled and habitual melancholy, which her condition might be supposed to create, was exquisitely portrayed throughout the whole. The only exception we could find was in her scene with *Stukely* : and there she did not rise to that indignant and appalling energy, when the villain's scheme unfolded itself, which Mrs. Siddons used to display. We have not space this month to enter into that minute examination of her performance which we intended ; but shall take a future opportunity of doing it. Mr. Young played *Beverly*—but he did not equal our expectations. Mr. Terry in *Stukely* totally misconceived the character. He made him a good-humoured, chuckling villain, instead of a cool, designing, subtle scoundrel ; and frequently provoked laughter when it was the intention of the author to excite horror. We think Mr. Terry capable of playing the character much better ; and earnestly hope that he will study it afresh.

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### DRURY-LANE.

Four months—nearly half the season—are now elapsed, since the opening of the winter theatrical campaign, and, during all this time Drury-lane has not produced one single work of merit. A wretched *soi-disant* comedy, strangled in the very pangs of child-birth ; a hurried translation of a French melo-drama, stripped of its only recommendation—its musical charms ; a grand musical romance, as it is pompously styled in the bills, 'yclept the Ninth Statue, and a Christmas pantomime, called Harlequin Sindab, constitute the *bulletin* of the theatrical operations of one of the first theatres in Europe.

Bickerstaff's excellent comedy of the Hypocrite ; a comedy abounding not only in excellent humour, but in much practical display of the wily intricacies of the human heart, and the dangerous machinations of pious fraud and specious hypocrisy, in which Mr. Downton sustained the character of Doctor Cantwell,

with great effect, and Mr. Oxberry worked irresistibly upon our risible propensities as Maw-worm; was followed by the first representation of a *mongrel* piece, half pantomime, half farce, entitled the Ninth Statue. The plot is founded on a tale, in the eastern manner, known by the name of the Wonderful Mirror. It is a great favourite in the *nursery*, from which, through the medium of that indefatigable play-wright, Mr. Dibden, it has been transplanted to the boards of Drury-lane.

As a literary composition, it is utterly exempt from the jurisdiction of criticism. It is showy in the extreme, and indeed so entirely does it depend upon the mechanist, the scene-painter, the ballet-master, and the dress-makers, for its attractions, that we are not a little astonished the managers should deem it necessary, after having lavished so much expence and magnificence upon this bauble, to bring forward an additional pantomime for the entertainment of the boarding-school masters and misses. To increase the folly and absurdity of the piece, Johnstone is lugged into it, in the character of Kilnorney, an Irish traveller. The merit of Johnstone, in the personation of Irish characters, is universally allowed; but certainly Mr. Dibden, without any very great exertion of skill or talent, might have contrived to have given his *Irishman* a more consistent part. The father of a beautiful young female, unsullied not only in deed, but even in word or thought, such as Nora is represented to be—the only one who, amongst so numerous a groupe of competitors, is able to stand the test of the *Wonderful Mirror*, ought to exhibit a more dignified deportment, and appear in a more respectable light than that of a *printer's devil* and *retailer of whiskey*. The *vulgarity* of the father operates, by re-action, to the prejudice of the daughter; for fiction ought to assume the guise of probability, as Horace justly remarks, in his Art of Poetry:

Ficta voluptatis causâ sint proxima veris.

So likewise poetic justice requires a due observance of the general maxim, from which it is not allowed to depart lightly, nor without assigning some competent ground for the duration.

Fortes creantur fortibus et bonis:

Est in juveniis, est in equis patriam

Virtus—

but to conform to the sage precepts of taste and just analogy, requires talent, requires some little spice of native genius; requires at least a due regard of common sense—whereas to *manufacture* a dramatic abortion, on the plan and principles of modern practice, requires neither the one, nor the other. A few hacknied phrases, banded about without choice or design; a dozen coarse *bulls*, lugged, as it were, by the neck and shoulders into the dialogue; trite remarks, copied from a common place-book, and a due seasoning of vile puns and jests from *Joe Miller*—such is the stock in trade with which certain *playwrights* carry on a successful barter, and engross the stage.



A writer of any talent, in producing an Irishman, who is not only the favourite, but becomes the father in law of the Prince of Balsora, would rather have taken a *gentleman* for his model, such as Sir Lucas O'Trigger, in Sheridan's sprightly comedy of the Rivals. Here would have been abundant scope for humour, without descending to ribaldry. But humour requires *genius*, which nonsense does not. What must be the opinion of foreigners of the dramatic taste and talent of this country, were they to form their ideas of our national literary character from the productions of authors such as B---n, M---n, R---s, D---n, *et hoc genus homine*?

Of the performance we cannot speak highly. Johnstone, as an Irishman, (*Kilnorney*) never fails to please—great pity is it that his comic powers should be so idly employed upon ribaldry and folly. Wallack personated the Prince of Balsora, which is a strutting, ill-digested, inflated part. Miss Kelly is the representative of Nora—the only interesting character in the piece. In her Turkish dress, as page, she appears to considerable advantage; and though many other contemporaries condemn her adoption of the male attire, we, for our part, see no impropriety in it.

Mr. Braham, whose vocal abilities are unquestionable, has gained considerable applause this season as a singer, in which quality he has appeared in the Castle of Andalusia, Devil's Bridge, Fontainebleau, &c. But though we with pleasure pay homage to his musical science, we cannot but condemn a practice which appears to be growing so systematically prevalent, as eventually to threaten most serious inconvenience and abuse. We allude to the fashion of introducing, as it is termed, songs and airs into a piece, by way of gaining *eclat* to some popular performer, which have no analogy whatever with the part. Thus, for instance, in the comic opera of Fontainebleau, Mr. Braham makes his appearance on the stage, in the third act, for no avowed purpose whatever, but to sing the song of *Robert Adair*. And this self-same song, through the most reprehensible neglect, and clumsy management, has not the slightest connection or relation with the plot. The illusion of the scene is totally destroyed by Mr. Braham's songs *entirely to the audience*. He comes on in a forest—no person near him—and chaunts his *Robin Adair* to the listless air. He does not even utter a syllable of dialogue, nor make the most distant allusion to any preceding part of the action, but sings away to the trees, the owls, and to himself.

This is avowedly a gross inconsistency, and if no salutary check be interposed to its increasing prevalence, the original character of several of operatic dramas will, in time, be totally perverted, overthrown, and lost. We do not frequent the theatre with the same expectations as we do a *singing-club*. In the latter we look for singing, and for singing only—in the former, on the other hand, we require consistency of plot, just

delineation of character, and not a single song or air ought to be admitted, which has not a close and immediate reference to the business of the scene. But on this, as in almost every other innovation, Managers seem totally to have lost sight of justice and propriety; nay, worse than that, they appear to be totally indifferent to what a point they degrade the national character for taste and judgment, provided they can secure a good *box-broker*. Such impertinences would not be tolerated on the Parisian stage; at least, at none of the accredited theatres of the French metropolis.

*Dec. 16.*—Miss Walstein re-appeared on the London boards, after her transient secession from Drury-lane, in the character of Letitia Hardy. It must be fresh in the memory of our readers, that Miss Walstein supported this part, for the first time, on the metropolitan stage, on Tuesday the 22d of November, and that she was advertised in the bills of the theatre for a repetition of the character, on Friday the 25th of November. But the alarming indisposition of her mother having induced her to undertake a journey to Dublin, to attend the sick-bed of a beloved, and, as it was apprehended, dying parent, the part was, at a very short notice, assigned to Mrs. Davidson. The latter lady, though far advanced in that state which “ladies wish to be who love their lords,”—nevertheless went through the part in a style which left us little reason to regret the absence of the actress whose place she so ably filled.

Of Miss Walstein's style of performance, in the character of Letitia Hardy, we have delivered our opinion, and we see no reason to waver in our sentiments from the specimen she gave on her return to the metropolitan boards. Elegance is evidently not her *forte*. At the same time, we must candidly acknowledge, that she is not devoid of merit; though marked improvement, and superior attainment, are not to be expected at a certain period of life.

Dowton's *Old Hardy* is a rich specimen of comic humour. The allusion he makes to the forth-coming *Shiloh*, who, the first evening of the representation of the Belle's Stratagem, he *foresaw* would be born *without a wig*—though an interpolation, ridiculous and nonsensical in itself, was received with prolonged and repeated plaudits by the audience. Mrs. Harlowe, as Racket, does not exhibit a faithful portraiture of the description she herself gives to Sir George Touchwood, of a fashionable fine lady; but she makes up for this, by the vivacity and bustle with which she performs the part. Mrs. Orger's Lady Touchwood is not devoid of interest.





Mais Mons<sup>r</sup> Tally ran C<sup>es</sup> Anglas has  
great deal Monies dey pay every ting!

Oh our you capote Jol. Bull  
he pay what you like.

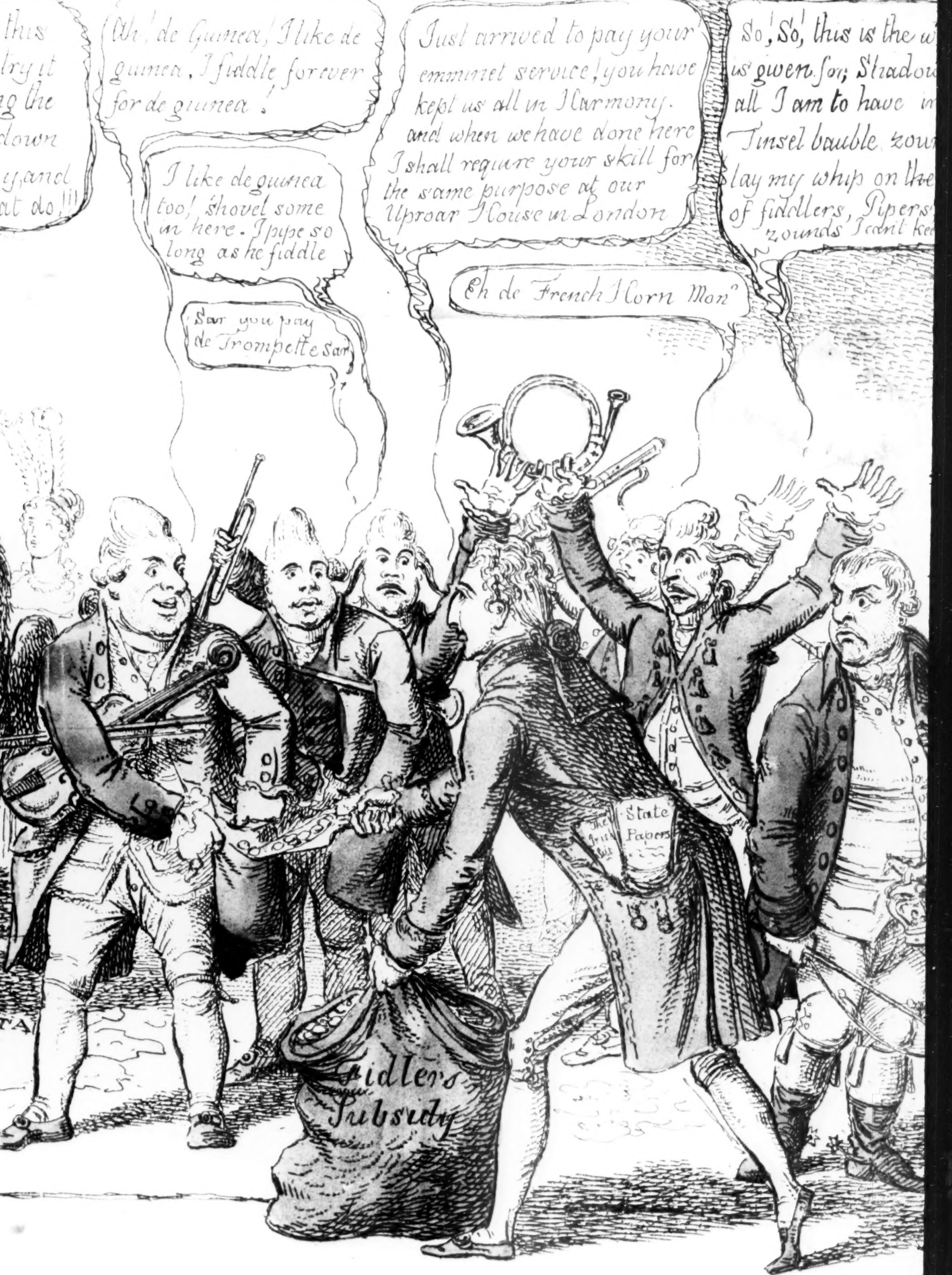
Well cousins I think we have got the  
Country Dance pretty perfect - we'll try  
once more, while our friend is paying  
piper - Now! hands round, lead down  
into Poland cross over into Saxony,  
right and left in Italy - won't that



Map of the  
Continent



AMUSEMENT at VIENNA, alias H



HARMONY at CONGRESS, ie Paying the Pipers.